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# LETTERS

CONCERNING

T A S T E.

THE THIRD EDITION.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

E S S A Y S

ON

SIMILAR AND OTHER SUBJECTS.

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ΦΥΣΙΣ ἄμαχον ΕΡΩΤΑ ἐνέφυσεν ἡμῶν ταῖς ΨΥΧΑΙΣ  
παντὸς αἰὲ τῷ ΜΕΓΑΛΟΥ ἢ ὡς πρὸς ἡμᾶς ΔΑΙΜΟ-  
ΝΙΩΤΕΡΟΥ. Longin. de Subl. Sect. xxxv.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF THE LIFE OF SOCRATES.

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L O N D O N,

Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY, in *Pall-Mall*.

MDCCLVII.

LETTERS

CONCERNING

THE

THE THIRD EDITION

TO WHICH IS ADDED

THE

SIMILAR

OF THE

BY THE

PRINTED



E D I T O R ' S  
A D V E R T I S E M E N T

T O

THE THIRD EDITION.

**T**HE two former Editions of  
THE LETTERS CONCERNING  
TASTE, having been some time out  
of Print, and a Demand being still  
made for them by the Publick, I  
have prevailed on the Author to let  
them pass the Press again, and to  
subjoin a few Essays selected from  
many others, on similar Subjects,  
which were published some Years  
ago in periodical Papers.

He did not intend at first that  
either the LETTERS or the ESSAYS  
should be known to be written by  
him; but several of his Friends  
having

## ADVERTISEMENT.

having made the Discovery, and they and others, whom it was no small Credit to please, having expressed their Approbation he feared it might look like Affectation to conceal any longer how high a Regard he had for their favourable Opinion, and therefore, after an endeavour to make this Edition more correct than the former, he was induced to acknowledge them as his own.

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# LETTERS

CONCERNING

# TASTE.

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LETTER I.

TO EUPHEMIUS.

**W**HENCE comes it, EUPHEMIUS, that you, who are *feelingly* alive to each fine Sensation that Beauty or Harmony gives the Soul, should so often assert, contrary to what you daily experience, *that TASTE is governed by Caprice, and that BEAUTY is reducible to no Criterion?* I am afraid your Generosity in this Instance is greater than your Sincerity, and that you are willing to compliment the circle of your Friends, in giving up by this Concession

B

that

that envied Superiority you might claim over them, should it be acknowledged that those uncommon Emotions of Pleasure, which arise in your Breast upon the Observation of moral or natural Elegance, were caused by a more ready and intimate Perception of that universal TRUTH, which the all-perfect CREATOR of this harmonious System ordained to be the VENUS of every Object, whether in the Material World; in the imitative Arts; or in living Characters and Manners. How irreconcilable are your Doctrines to the Example you afford us! However, since you press me to justify your Practice against your Declarations, by giving a Definition of what is meant by TASTE, I shall not avoid the invidious Office of pointing out your superior Excellence to others, by proving that TRUTH and BEAUTY are coincident, and that the warmest Admirers of these CELESTIAL TWINS, have consequently Souls more nearly allied to ætherial Spirits of a higher Order. The effect of a *good* TASTE is that instantaneous Glow of Pleasure which thrills thro' our whole Frame, and seizes upon the Applause

plause of the Heart, before the intellectual Power, Reason, can descend from the Throne of the Mind to ratify it's Approbation, either when we receive into the Soul beautiful Images thro' the Organs of bodily Senses; or the Decorum of an amiable Character thro' the Faculties of moral Perception; or when we recall, by the imitative Arts, both of them thro' the intermediate Power of the Imagination. Nor is this delightful and immediate Sensation to be excited in an undistempred Soul, but by a Chain of Truths, dependent upon one another till they terminate in the hand of the Divine COMPOSER of the whole. Let us cast our Eyes first upon the Objects of the Material World. A rural Prospect upon the very first Glance yields a grateful Emotion in the Breast, when in a Variety of Scenes there arises from the whole ONE Order, whose different Parts will be found, by the critical Eye of Contemplation, to relate mutually to one another, and each examined apart, to be productive of the Necessaries, the Conveniencies, and Emoluments of Life. Suppose you was to

behold from an Eminence, thro' a small range of Mountains covered with Woods, several little Streams gushing out of Rocks, some gently trickling over Pebbles, others tumbling from a Precipice, and a few gliding smoothly in Willow-shaded Rivulets thro' green Meadows, till their tributary Waters are all collected by some River God of a larger Urn, who at some few Miles distance is lost in the Ocean, which heaves it's broad Bosom to the Sight, and ends the Prospect with an immense Expanse of Waters. Tell me, EUPHEMIUS, would not such a Scene captivate the Heart even before the intellectual Powers discover Minerals in the Mountains ; future Navies in the Woods ; Civil and Military Architecture in the Rocks ; healing Qualities in the smaller Streams ; Fertility, that the larger Waters distribute along their serpentising Banks ; Herbage for Cattle in the Meadows ; and lastly, the more easy Opportunities the River affords us to convey to other Climates the Superfluities of our own, for which the Ocean brings us back in Exchange what we stand in need of from theirs. Now to heighten this



this beautiful Landscape, let us throw in Corn Fields, here and there a Country Seat, and, at proper Distances, small Hamlets, together with Spires and Towers, as MILTON describes them,

“ bosom’d high in tufted Trees.”

Does not an additional Rapture flow in from this Adjunct, of which Reason will afterwards discover the latent Cause in the same manner as before. Your favourite Architecture will not fail to afford less remarkable Instances, that Truth, Beauty, and Utility are inseparable. You very well know that every Rule, Canon, and Proportion in building did not arise from the capricious Invention of Man, but from the unerring Dictates of Nature, and that even what are now the ornamental Parts of an Edifice, originally were created by Necessity; and are still displeasing to the Sight, when they are disobedient, if I may use that moral Expression, to the Order, which Nature, whose Laws cannot be repealed, first gave to supply that Necessity. Here I appeal to your own Breast; and let me continue the Appeal by asking you concerning another Science analogous to

this, which is founded upon as invariable Principles: I mean the Science of living well, in which you are as happily learned as in the former. Say then, has not every amiable Character, with which you have been enamoured, been proved by a cool Examination to contain a *beautiful* Proportion, in the Point it was placed in, relative to Society? And what is it that constitutes Moral Deformity, or what we call Vice, but the Disproportion which any Agent occasions, in the Fabric of Civil Community, by a Non-compliance to the general *Order* which should prevail in it?

As the Arts of Painting, Sculpture, and Poetry are imitative of these, their Excellence, as ARISTOTLE observes, consists in Faithfulness to their Original: nor have they any *primary* Beauty in themselves, but derive their shadowy Existence in a mimetic Transcript from Objects in the Material World, or from Passions, Characters, and Manners. Nevertheless that *internal Sense* we call TASTE (which is a Herald for the whole human System, in it's three different Parts, the refined Faculties of Perception, the gross Organs of Sense,

Sense, and the intermediate Powers of Imagination) has as quick a Feeling of this secondary Excellence of the Arts, as for the primary Graces; and seizes the Heart with Rapture long before the Senses, and Reason in Conjunction, can *prove* this Beauty by collating the Imitations with their Originals.

If it should be asked *why* external Objects affect the human Breast in this Manner, I would answer, that the ALMIGHTY has in this, as well as in all his other Works, out of his abundant Goodness and Love to his Creatures, so *attuned* our Minds to Truth, that all Beauty from without should make a responsive Harmony vibrate within. But should any of those more curious Gentlemen, who busy themselves with Enquiries into Matters, which the Deity, for Reasons known only to himself, has placed above our limited Capacities, demand *how* he has so formed us, I should refer them, with proper Contempt, to their more aged Brethren, who may justly in Derision be stiled *the Philosophers of ultimate Causes*. To you, my dear Friend, whose truly philosophical

and religious Taste concludes that whatever God ordains is right, it is sufficient to have proved that *Truth* is the Cause of all *Beauty*, and that Truth flows from the Fountain of all Perfection, in whose unfathomable Depth finite Thought should never venture with any other Intention than to wonder and adore. But I find I have been imperceptibly led on from Thought to Thought, not only to trespass upon the common Stile of a Letter, by these abstruse Reasonings and religious Conclusions, but upon the ordinary length of one likewise; therefore shall conclude by complimenting my own Taste in Characters, when I assure you that I am,

*Your most affectionate Friend, &c.*

L E T-

## L E T T E R II.

To the S A M E.

**I**T gave me no small Pleasure to find, by your Answer to my last Letter, that you now allow BEAUTY to be the Daughter of TRUTH; and I in my turn will make a Concession to you, by confessing that BEAUTY herself may have *acquired* Charms, but then they are altogether such as are consistent with her divine Extrac-tion. What you observe is very true, that the human Form (the most glorious Object, as you are pleased to call it, in the Creation) let it be made with the most accurate Symmetry and Proportion, may receive *additional* Charms from Educa-tion, and steal more subtly upon the Soul of the Beholder from some adventitious Circumstances of easy Attitudes or Motion, and an undefineable Sweetness of Counte-nance, which an habitual Commerce with the more refined Part of Mankind super-adds to the Work of Nature. This the ancient *Grecian* Artists would have repre-sented mythologically in Painting by the GRACES crowning VENUS. We find how

I much

much LELY has availed himself in his shadowy Creations of transcribing from Life this adventitious Charm into all his Portraits. I mean, when he *stole* upon his *animated Canvas*, as POPE poetically expresses it,

“ The sleepy Eye that spoke the melting Soul.”

You will ask me, perhaps, how I can prove any Alliance in this particular Circumstance of a single Feature to Truth ; Or rather triumphantly push the Argument farther, and say, Is not this additional Charm, as you call it, inconsistent with the Divine Original of Beauty, since it deadens the fiery Lustre of that penetrating Organ ? I chuse to draw my Answer from the Schools of the antient ETHOGRAPHI, who by their enchanting Art so happily conveyed, thro' the Sight, the Lessons of Moral Philosophy. These Sages would have told you, that our Souls are attuned to one another, like the Strings of musical Instruments, and that the Chord of one being struck, the *Unison* of another, tho' untouched, will vibrate to it. The Passions therefore of the human Heart,

expressed

expressed either in the living Countenance, or the mimetic Strokes of Art, will affect the Soul of the Beholder with a similar and responsive Disposition. What wonder then is it that Beauty, borrowing thus the Look of softening Love, whose Power can lull the most watchful of the Senses, should cast that sweet *Nepenthe* upon our Hearts, and enchant our corresponding Thoughts to rest in the Embraces of Desire? Sure then I am, that you will always allow Love to be the Source and End of our Being, and consequently consistent with Truth. It is the Superaddition of such Charms to Proportion, which is called *Taste* in Musick, Painting, Poetry, Sculpture, Gardening and Architecture. By which is generally meant that happy Assemblage which excites in our Minds, by Analogy, some pleasurable Image. Thus, for Instance, even the Ruins of an old Castle properly disposed, or the Simplicity of a rough hewn Hermitage in a Rock, enliven a Prospect, by recalling the Moral Images of *Valor* and *Wisdom*; and I believe no Man will contend, that Valor exerted in the Defence of  
one's

one's Country, or Wisdom contemplating in Retirement for the Welfare of Mankind, are not truly amiable Images, belonging to the Divine Family of Truth. I think I have now reconciled our two favorite Opinions, by proving that these *additional* Charms, if they must be called so, have their Origin in Nature as much as Proportion itself.—I am very glad the Prints I sent afforded you so much Pleasure, not only as I wish every thing which comes from me may be favorably received by you, but as they are likewise a Confirmation of my Arguments; for the Man who drew them is no very great Artist, but being a faithful Disciple of Nature, having delineated every Object in a *Camera Obscura*, he has not failed of gaining the uncontested Applause, which the Followers of that unerring Mistress will ever receive from Mankind. My EUDOCIA calls me to administer with her Comfort to a little fatherless Family in the District of our Hamlet, therefore must conclude myself,

*Your sincere Friend, &c.*

L E T T E R



## L E T T E R    I I I.

To the S A M E.

Y O U have often heard me make true Conjectures concerning a Man's Taste in Morals, from the Choice of his Pictures or the Disposition of his Gardens. This you at first thought a little whimsical, till repeated Observation and Experience confirmed, what I advanced in a former Letter to you, that the same *internal Sense* tastes for the three different Powers in human Nature ; and from hence arises that Correspondence betwixt the *Senses*, *Imagination*, and *Understanding* of the same Person. I had once an Opportunity of observing, in some little Excursions I made a few Years ago, from a celebrated Place in the North of ENGLAND, with a mixed Company, how variously the different Places we saw affected every Man in our Party according to the natural Turn of his Temper. We had among us an Inamorato, much given to reading Romances, who dwelt with uncommon Rap-  
ture

ture on a little rural Place called *H—*, where, it is said, the famous Sir PHILIP SIDNEY composed his *Arcadia*. Here Enthusiasm seized our romantic Lover, whilst the rest of our Company felt only the calm Sensation of Pleasure. Nor was it long before it came in my turn to be not *touched* but *rapt*, and to *feel* that ætherial Glow of Admiration, at the Sight of a neighbouring Villa to SCARBOROUGH. You know I love the Comforts of domestic Life and the Charms of Contemplation in Retirement; and rather would enjoy the Heart-ennobling Transport which the Discovery of any thing beneficial to Mankind, or one charitable Action could give me, than the *supposed* Glories which all the Royal Robbers of the World ever plundered from their Species. From this Temper of Mind, mixed with an Admiration of antient Manners and antient Mythology, you will not wonder that a Place, which answers in Miniature to ÆLIAN's ravishing Description of TEMPE, should thus warmly affect me. The Place I mean is called *E— Lodge*. It is a small convenient House, built in the *Tus-*  
*can*

*can* Order, at the Foot of two little Hills, covered with Woods and flowering Shrubs, which for a considerable Way attend the serpentizing Course of a clear cool Rivulet, as if they meant to shade and protect with their Branches the Stream which runs in the Valley betwixt them. I could not refrain from bursting forth, in a kind of poetical Extasy, in the Words of our admired Poet,

“ Here gliding thro’ his Daughter’s honor’d Shades,  
 “ The smooth *Peneus* from his glassy Flood,  
 “ Reflects purpureal *Tempe*’s pleasant Scene.  
 “ Fair *Tempe*, Haunt belov’d of Sylvan Powers,  
 “ Of Nymphs, and Fauns, here in the golden Age  
 “ They play’d in secret on the shady Bank  
 “ With ancient *Pan* : while round their choral Steps  
 “ Young Hours and genial Gales with constant Hand,  
 “ Show’r’d Odors, Blossoms, show’r’d ambrosial Dews,  
 “ And Spring’s *Elysian* Bloom \*.

Believe me, EUPHEMIUS, the ancient *Corybantes*, when they heard the sacred Flutes in their religious Mysteries, could not feel or express more Rapture than I did. Retrospection had carried me on the Wings of Imagination two thousand

\* *Akinside’s Pleasures of Imagination*, Book I.

Years back, and had placed me in the delightful Regions of *Theffaly* \*. I know the sympathising

\* I dare say the Reader will not be displeased to have *ÆLIAN*'s Description of ancient *TEMPE*, which the Author mentions above, laid before him, in the elegant Translation of that ingenious Gentlemen, who favoured the Public a few Years ago with an *English Commentary and Notes on HORACE's Epistle to Augustus, and a Discourse on Poetical Imitation*. "The *Theffalian TEMPE* is a Place, "situate between *Olympus* and *Offa*; which are Mountains of an exceeding great Height; and look, as if they had once been joined, but were afterwards separated from each other, by some God, for the sake of Opening in the midst that large Plain, which stretches in Length to about five Miles, and in Breadth, a hundred Paces, or, in some Parts more. Thro' the middle of this Plain runs the *Peneus*, into which several lesser Currents empty themselves, and by the Confluence of their Waters, swell into a River of great Size. This Vale is abundantly furnished with all manner of *Arbors and resting Places*; not such as the Arts of human Industry contrive, but with the Bounty of spontaneous Nature; ambitious, as it were, to make a Shew of all her Beauties, provided for the Supply of this fair Residence, in the very original Structure and Formation of the Place. For there is plenty of Ivy shooting forth in it, which flourishes and grows so thick, that, like the generous and leafy Vine, it crawls up the Trunks of tall Trees, and twisting it's Foliage round their Arms and Branches, becomes almost incorporated with them. The flowering *Smilax* also is there in great Abundance; which running up the Acclivities of the Hills, and spreading the close Texture of it's Leaves and Tendrils on all Sides, perfectly covers and shades them; so that no Part of the bare Rock is seen; but the whole is hung with the Verdure of a thick, interwoven Herbage, presenting the most agreeable Spectacle to the Eye. Along the level of the Plain, there are frequent

sympathizing Warmth of your Imagination, therefore shall leave you to fancy the rest for me. However such were my Expressions of Pleasure upon the Occasion, that several of our Company, who had not an *Unison* of Soul, began to regard my Enthusiasm with a cool air of Derision. The next Day's Journey however afforded me an Opportunity of making Reprisals, and to pity many of our Party for the joyful Astonishment with which they were struck by the aukward Magnificence of unmeaning Grandeur.

“quent Tufts of Trees and long continued Ranges  
 “of arching Bowers, affording the most grateful Shelter from the Heats of Summer; which are further relieved by the frequent Streams of clear and fresh Water, continually winding through it. The Tradition goes that these Waters are peculiarly good for Bathing, and have many other Medicinal Virtues. In the Thickets and Bushes of this Dale, are numberless Singing Birds every where fluttering about, whose Warblings take the Ear of Passengers, and cheat the Labours of their Way through it. On the Banks of the *Peneus*, on either Side, are dispersed irregularly, those *resting Places*, before spoken of; while the River itself glides through the middle of the Lawn, with a soft and quiet course; overhung with the Shades of Trees, planted on it's Borders, whose intermingled Branches keep off the Sun, and furnish the Opportunity of a cool and temperate Navigation upon it. The Worship of the Gods, and the perpetual Fragrancy of Sacrifices and burning Odors, further consecrate the Place,” &c. [Var. Hist. lib. iii. cap. 1.]

You know *the* MANY among Mankind are affected only by *prodigious Actions* and *Deeds of* HEROISM in the Moral World, and, according to my Observation, have consequently a correspondent Relish for the Great and Wonderful in the Physical; ALEXANDER, CÆSAR, and PYRRHUS are their adored Images in the one; and *Castles, Mausoleums, Pyramids, Mountains, immense Plains, and Cataracts* in the other. How natural then was it for those who could pass over the Paradise of our *English* TEMPE without Emotion, to gape their silent Wonder at *H—Castle* ! I desire you would minutely observe, the next time you take a mixed Company into your elegant Collection of Pictures, and read their Characters by the choice of their Pieces. The Revengeful will find great Excellence in your APOLLO fleeing the unfortunate MARSYAS; the Man, who is subject to be discomposed by violent Passions, will select out one of *Vandervelt's* Storms to amuse himself with; and the Eyes of those who are ennobled by filial Piety and the delightful Sympathy of Pity, will drop a  
Tear

Tear of Pleasure over your *Roman Charity*. If the Weather will permit I propose to be with you at ——— next Month, but wherever I am, you will always be present with me. Adieu, my dear EUPHEMIUS, and do me the Justice to think, I am,

*Your most sincere Friend, &c.*

[ 20 ]  
LETTER IV.

TO the SAME.

**I**NDEED, EUPHEMIUS, the Compliments you are pleased to pay me upon the Observations I made in my last Letter to you concerning Analogy, would not fail to enflame my Vanity, did not I very well know that you view every thing, which comes from me, through the magnifying Medium of Friendship. This Reflection, it is true, lessens the Satisfaction which would flow from a Consciousness of Merit, but at the same time augments my Happiness another Way, by informing my Heart how deep an Interest I have in yours. You tell me that upon Recollection, you know of no living Artist whose Life does not greatly correspond to his Performances ; and that you have read of very few of the Dead, whose Works do not shadow forth, by this Analogy, the general Cast of their Moral Conduct \*. HOMER, we are told by

\* VOLTAIRE has the following remarkable Passage concerning the Character and Writings of the Cardinal De  
the



the very ingenious and learned Author of his Life, had personally accompanied his Fancy wherever she roved upon the Face of the Earth, and I make no Doubt such was the restless Activity of his Soul, that he ardently wished to spurn this dull Globe, and soar to the Seats of his Immortals. To contrast his Character, we need only cast our Eyes on his poetical Disciple VIRGIL, whose modest Majesty in private Life bore so great a Resemblance to all his Compositions. But Mons. DE PILES, the ingenious Author of the Lives of the Painters, will furnish us with some remarkable Examples to this Purpose. I dare say you have often observed, that several Pieces of MICHAEL ANGELO's, which you have seen in ITALY, tho' finished in a *grand gout*, and with a vast Extent of Genius, want that Purity, Softness, and Elegance, which afford so much Pleasure in the Works of several much inferior Painters. There is a Fierceness in the Looks, and a Wildness in the

RETZ. Cet homme singulier s'est peint lui-meme dans ses memoires, ecrits avec un air de grandeur, une impetuosité de genie, et une inegalité, qui sont l'Image de sa conduite. Dans le siecle de Louis XIV, vol. i. p. 61.

Attitudes of all his Figures, which, tho' they are indeed correct, and agreeable to Nature in some Moods, and cannot be condemned by the Judgment, are by no Means agreeable to the Eye; and tho' they fully satisfy the Understanding, never captivate the Heart. You might observe at the same time, on the contrary, that RAPHAEL's, in his first Manner, for want of the Use of the *Chiaro Oscuro*, had not that Prominency, nor seemed to come out from the Canvas so boldly as those of his Rival; that he was rather deficient in Colouring, and preserved too great a Sameness in the Drapery of all his Figures; yet nevertheless blending the Elegance of the Antique and the Simplicity of Nature together, and spreading that undefineable *Grace*, which was so bounteously bestowed upon him, over every Piece, he seizes at once upon the warm Applause of the Heart by an irresistible Force, and the Judgment fearfully suspends the Exercise of her Faculties over the seeming Deficiencies at a distance, as if each Stroke was the immediate Inspiration of Heaven, and there was nothing left

left for the human Mind to do, but to wonder and adore. Now if we look into the Lives of these two eminent Painters, we shall observe in them a corresponding Similarity to the different Defects and Excellencies in their respective Performances. The first, MICHAEL ANGELO, lived in the most recluse manner, was strict even to the greatest Severity in his Morals, and gave himself entirely up to the Cultivation of the Arts he professed. Notwithstanding, all his Actions were blameless, nay rather commendable, when examined only by the Rules of Moral Rectitude; yet wanting that Ease and gentle Deportment, which an habitual Intercourse with Mankind imperceptibly gives us, he was so displeasing in Conversation that he was avoided at last by every Acquaintance; and, whilst RAPHAEL's House was crowded with Friends and Disciples, the World willingly left him to the Enjoyment of his beloved Solitude. RAPHAEL, on the contrary, was a Man of the World, violently addicted by his Constitution to Pleasure, but more particularly to the Love of Women, insomuch

that having, we are told, one Day abandoned himself to the Enjoyment of several, he was taken ill of a burning Fever, and, concealing the Cause of his Distemper from the Physicians, he was carried off in the thirty-seventh Year of his Age, to the unspeakable Grief of all who knew the Man, or admired the Artist. Notwithstanding these human Infirmities, he possessed such a natural and acquired Sweetness of Temper, and Complacency in Behaviour, so analogous \* to that undefinable Grace in his Painting, that he was universally beloved by all who knew him, and the severest Moralist was charmed with his Conversation tho' he condemned

\* The dark gloomy Colouring we find in the Pieces of the BASSANS, arose from the Horror of their distempered Imaginations,

— “ That furlly Spirit Melancholy

“ Had bak'd their Blood and made it heavy Thick.”

SHAKESPEAR'S *K. John*.

Therefore they made choice of such Objects to paint, as were responsive to the internal Shade in their Minds, particularly Night-Pieces, where their Souls poured forth their unconstrained Dispositions upon the Canvas, and indulged in beloved Darknesh. Whenever they were, against their Choice, employed upon other Subjects, the strong Shades lowered upon every Landscape, and even the chearful Light of the Sun itself was greatly obscured, by Geniuses which naturally delighted in his Absence.

his

his Conduct \*. I cannot help observing in this place, and I hope it is not foreign to the Subject, that frequent Conversation with Women harmonizes the Souls of Men, and gives them that enchanting Grace, which has so often delighted us both in the Address of several of our Acquaintance, not very eminent for their Virtues or Understanding. I am of Opinion, it was this constant Idea of Delicacy and Softness, collected from an habitual Intercourse with these fair Polishers of our Sex, and united into one complicated Form of Beauty, which, playing perpetually in the Soul of RAPHAEL, diffused itself thro' his Pencil over all his Works ; and thro' his Looks, Deportment, and Tongue, over all his Words and Actions. Such, by the Appointment of Heaven, has ever been, and ever will be the Power of these amiable Creatures!—I have so much Vanity to think you will read the latter part of this Letter to AMELIA, that every one, who esteems you, may in a

\* In the two Characters of MICHAEL ANGELO, and RAPHAEL, this Observation of *Quintilian's* was verified, " In quibusdam virtutes non habent gratiam, in quibusdem vitia ipsa delectant." Lib. ii. cap. 3.

great measure hereafter seem to pay her a kind of an indirect Compliment. She has often told me, you know, that I am one of the loyalest Subjects the Sex ever had, and, I dare say, will not be displeased with this fresh Proclamation of their Dominion. You may add farther, that I think Women are the Fountains from whence flow the blended Streams of Taste and Pleasure, and that the Draught of Life is more or less sweet as they are mingled in the Cup. Adieu.

LET-

## LETTER V.

To the SAME.

**Y**OU seem to think, EUPHEMIUS, that I contradicted in Conversation the other Day, in a great Measure what I advanced in a former Letter to you, by allowing CRONOPHILUS to be a Man of a strong Understanding and great Erudition, and yet at the same time asserting he had little or no *Taste*. But according to my Observation, what I wrote, and what I said, are very reconcileable. For *Taste* does not *wholly* depend upon the natural Strength and acquired Improvement of the *Intellectual* Powers; nor *wholly* upon a fine Construction of the *Organs* of the Body; nor *wholly* upon the intermediate Powers of the *Imagination*; but upon a Union of them all happily blended, without too great a Prevalency in either. Hence it falls out; that one Man may be a very great Reasoner; another have the finest Genius for Poetry; and a third be blessed with the most delicate

delicate Organs of Sense ; and yet every one of these be deficient in that *internal* Sensation called *Taste*. On the contrary, a fourth, in whose Frame indulgent Nature has twisted this *triple Cord*, shall feel it constantly vibrate within, whenever the same *Unison* of Harmony is struck from without ; either in the original Works of Nature ; in the mimetic Arts ; or in Characters and Manners. That worthy Man, and amiable Writer, Mr. ADDISON, was no *great* Scholar ; he was a very indifferent Critic, and a worse Poet ; yet from the happy Mixture, just mentioned, he was blessed with a Taste truly delicate and refined. This rendered him capable of distinguishing *what were* Beauties in the Works of others, tho' he could not account so well *why they were so*, for want of that deep Philosophical Spirit which is requisite in Works of Criticism. He likewise translated the Poetical Descriptions of OVID very elegantly and faithfully into his own Language, tho' he fell infinitely short of them in his own original Compositions, for want of that *unconstrained* Fire of Imagination which constitutes



constitutes the true Poet. Hence we may be enabled to account for that peculiar Fatality which attends Mr. ADDISON's poetical Writings, that his Translations seem Originals, whilst his own Compositions have the confined Air of Translations. Nor think that I exemplify too far by observing that your Friend POPE was a better Translator than he was a Poet. Many Instances might be produced from his Translation of the ILIAD to prove the Truth of this Assertion. One I will particularly mention, which is the sublime Description of NEPTUNE in the xiii<sup>th</sup> Book.

“ In *Samothracia* on a Mountain's Brow,  
 “ Whose waving Woods o'er-hung the Deeps below,  
 “ He sat ; and round him cast his Azure Eyes  
 “ Where *Ida's* misty Tops confus'dly rise ;  
 “ Beneath fair *Ilion's* glitt'ring Spires were seen ;  
 “ The crouded Ships, and fable Seas between.  
 “ There from the crystal Chambers of the Main  
 “ Emerg'd he sat ; and mourn'd his *Argives* slain.  
 “ At Jove incens'd with Grief and Fury stung,  
 “ Prone down the sleepy Rock, he pour'd along,  
 “ Fierce as he pass'd the lofty Mountains nod,  
 “ The Forests shake, Earth trembled as he trod,  
 “ And felt the Footsteps of th' immortal God.” }

I chose

I chose to select this Passage in Preference to any other, as the Original is a favorite one with LONGINUS, who had the most Taste of all the ancient Critics. In my Opinion the Translation is not at all inferior to the Original. From which you may infer that I do not degrade Mr. POPE, tho' I say he is a better Translator than he is a Poet.---I have this Morning read over the *Latin* Poem you sent me, which gave me no small Entertainment. The Author has shewed his Taste and Command of the Stile of LUCRETIVS, HORACE, and VIRGIL, but more particularly of the former, all which he has elegantly blended, or, as his Subject occasionally required, used separately. I thank you likewise for the two Translations of the same Poem, tho' I must confess they did not give me equal Satisfaction, if any at all. If the two Gentlemen, who have charitably undertaken to do it into English, for the Benefit of those who do not understand the Original, had possessed *Taste* or even common Judgment enough, to have distinguished that the chief Merit of that Poem consists in

the Language of it, they would have spent their Time much better by a more proper Application of their respective Talents, which have deservedly raised both their Characters, not only in their different Professions, but in the World of Letters. Mr. — writes me word he has a Letter by him from Count MAFFEI concerning VOLTAIRE's, and HILL's MEROPE, which I want much to see. When you write next, pray tell me whether the little Group of Figures, I invented for you, is yet executed in basso relievo by our favourite Artist GOSSET. Adieu.

L E T T E R

and blow you, if to anyone I will

more

LETTER VI.

To the SAME.

their

**I** FIND, EUPHEMIUS, you do not thoroughly concur with me in a Remark I made in my last Letter, that “ ADDISON “ was an indifferent Critic, and a worse “ Poet.” But however extensive my Regard to the Memory of that great and good Man may be, and however inimitable and certainly *justly* admired he ever will be as a Prose Writer, for those moral and humorous Essays, but more particularly those delightful Allegories his Muse CLIO has left us ; yet true Criticism will never allow him to be at the Head even of the second Class of our *English* Poets. You answer, that there are several Passages in some of his poetical Compositions, which breathe a Spirit of Genius equal to any thing extant, either among the Moderns or Ancients ; and at the same time, point out the famous Simile of the Angel of *Destruction*, if I may so call it, in the *Campaign* : and another at the Conclusion

clusion of the first Act of *Cato*. Now tho' selecting *particular* Passages from a Poet is not a certain Method, nor a fair one, of forming a proper Estimate of his *general* Excellence, yet as you so strongly urge these two, with an Air of Triumph, to be the Inspiration of *Castalian* Streams, I must desire you to examine them with me critically Line by Line, and I dare say you'll own, that both betray a great Poverty of Imagination by an insipid Repetition of one Thought in different Expressions. To begin then with the celebrated Simile in the *Campaign*, which, for half a Century, has been undistiguishingly admired.

- " So when an Angel by Divine Command
- " With *rising Tempests shakes a guilty Land*,
- " Such as of late o'er pale BRITANNIA past,
- " Calm and serene *he guides the furious Blast*,
- " And pleas'd th' ALMIGHTY's Orders to perform,
- " *Rides in the Whirlwind and directs the Storm.*"

Now take the second Line of each Couplet, and examine whether the Thought is varied. Is not *shaking a guilty Land with a rising Tempest*, and *directing the Storm*, and *guiding the furious Blast*, the

D same

same Action? Is not acting by *Divine Command*, in the first Verse, and *performing the Almighty's Orders*, in the fifth, the same Thought likewise? MARCIA's Simile in CATO abounds still more with this tiresome Tautology.

“ So the pure limpid Stream when foul with Stains  
 “ Of rushing Torrents, and descending Rains,  
 “ Works itself clear, and as it runs refines.”

CATO, Aët. I.

*Rushing Torrents, and descending Rains, works itself clear, and as it runs refines.* But now having had the disagreeable Office of denying, for the sake of Truth, this excellent Man a Right to a Pretension of being a good Poet, Justice will exact, and my own Inclination lead me to take notice, that his Translations of OVID are as faithful and spirited, and at the same time carry as much the free unfettered Air of Originals, as any other Translations in the English Language. As I have particularized his Defects as a Poet, give me leave to take the more pleasureable Part now to point out Instances of his Capacity as a Translator, which I will select from

I

the

the Stories of NARCISSUS and ECHO, in the third Book ; and of SALMACIS and HERMAPHRODITUS, in the fourth Book of the METAMORPHOSIS. The following Description receives the same additional Beauty from the Translation, as the Youth's Image did from the surrounding Waters.

- “ Now all undrest upon the Banks he stood,  
 “ And clapt his Sides, and leapt into the Flood:  
 “ His lovely Limbs the Silver Waves divide,  
 “ His Limbs appear more lovely thro' the Tide,  
 “ As Lilies shut within a crystal Case,  
 “ Receive a glossy Lustre from the Glass \*.”

SALM. & HERM. Book iv.

The following Passages likewise among many others receive the same Advantage.

[Shame,

- “ The Boy knew nought of Love, and touch'd with  
 “ He strove and blush'd, but still the Blush became ;  
 “ In rising Blushes still fresh Beauties rose ;  
 “ The sunny Side of Fruit such Blushes shews,

And

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\* Ille, cavis velox applauso corpore palmis,  
 Defilit in latices : alternaque brachia ducens  
 In liquidis translucet aquis : ut eburnea si quis  
 Signa tegat claro, vel candida lilia vitro.

“ And such the Moon, when all her Silver White  
 “ Turns in Eclipses to a ruddy Light \*. Ibid.

“ With eager Steps the Lycian Fields he crost,  
 “ And Fields that border on the Lycian Coast ;  
 “ A River here he view’d so lovely bright,  
 “ It shew’d the Bottom in a fairer Light, }  
 “ Nor kept a Sand conceal’d from human Sight ; }  
 “ The Stream produc’d nor slimy Ooze, nor Weeds,  
 “ Nor miry Rushes, nor the spiky Reeds,  
 “ But dealt enriching Moisture all around,  
 “ The fruitful Banks with chearful Verdure crown’d }  
 “ And kept the Spring eternal on the Ground †. Ibid.

“ But oft would bathe her in the crystal Tide :  
 “ Oft with a Comb her dewy Locks divide ;  
 “ Now in the limpid Streams she view’d her Face,  
 “ And dress’d her Image in the floating Glafs ;  
 “ On Beds of Leaves she now repos’d her Limbs,  
 “ Now gather’d Flowers that grew about her Streams ;  
 “ And

\* ————— Pueri rubor ora notavit  
 Nescia quid sit amor : sed et erubuisse decebat.  
 Hic color aprica pendentibus arbore pomis,  
 Aut ebori tincto est, aut sub candore rubenti,  
 Cum frustra resonant æra auxiliaria Lunæ. Ibid.

† Ille etiam Lycias urbes, Lyciæque propinquos  
 Caras adest. Vidit hic stagnum lucentis ad imum  
 Usque solum lymphæ. Non illic Canna palustris,  
 Nec steriles ulvæ, nec acuta cuspidè junci.  
 Perspicuus liquor est. Stagni tamen ultima vivo  
 Cespitè cinguntur, semperque virentibus herbis.

Ibid.



“ And then by Chance was gath’ring, as she stood  
 “ To view the Boy, and long’d for what she view’d\*.  
 Ibid.

GIVE me leave to transcribe two Passages from the Story of NARCISSUS, and I will refer you to the Whole for a more entire Satisfaction.

“ But why should I complain, I’m sure he burns  
 “ With equal Flames, and languishes by turns,  
 “ Whene’er I stoop, he offers at a Kiss,  
 “ And when my Arms I stretch, he stretches his.  
 “ His Eyes with Pleasure on my Face he keeps,  
 “ He smiles my Smiles, and when I weep he weeps.  
 “ Whene’er I speak, his moving Lips appear  
 “ To utter something which I cannot hear †.”  
 Story of NARCISS. Book iii.

\* Sed modo fonte suo formosos perluit artus :  
 Sæpe Citoriaco deducit pectine crines ;  
 Et quid se deceat spectatas consulit undas.  
 Nunc perlucenti circumdata corpus amictu,  
 Mollihus aut foliis, aut mollihus incubat herbis.  
 Sæpe legit flores. Et tunc quoque forte legebat,  
 Cum puerum vidit: visumque optavit habere.  
 Ibid.

† Spem mihi nescio quam vultu promittis amico :  
 Cumque ego porrexì tibi brachia, porrigis ultro :  
 Cum risi, arrides : lachrymas quoque sæpe notavi  
 Me lachrymante tuas : nutu quoque signa remittis :

“ And none of those attractive Charms remain,  
 “ To which the slighted ECHO su’d in vain.  
 “ She saw him in his present Misery,  
 “ Whom spite of all her Wrongs she griev’d to see.  
 “ She answer’d sadly to the Lover’s Moan ;  
 “ Sigh’d back his Sighs, and answer’d groan for groan,  
 “ Ah Youth ! belov’d in vain, NARCISSUS cries ;  
 “ Ah Youth ! belov’d in vain, the Nymph replies.  
 “ Farewell, says he, the parting Sound scarce fell  
 “ From his faint Lips, but she reply’d, “ Farewell.  
 “ Then on th’ unwholsome Earth he gasping lies,  
 “ Till Death shuts up those self-admiring Eyes,  
 “ To the cold Shades his flitting Ghost retires,  
 “ And in the Stygian Waves itself admires \*.”

Ibid. iii.

Et, quantum motu formosi suspicor oris,  
 Verba refers aures non pervenientia nostras.

*Metam. Lib. iii.*

\* Nec corpus remanet quondam quod amaverat Echo,  
 Quæ tamen ut vidit, quamvis irata memorque,  
 Indoluit : quotiesque puer miserabilis, Eheu,  
 Dixerat : hæc resonis iterabat vocibus Eheu.  
 Ultima vox solitam fuit hæc spectantis in undam,  
 Heu frustra dilecte puer ! totidemque remisit  
 Verba locus : dictoque vale, vale inquit et Echo.  
 Ille caput viridi fessum submitit in herba.  
 Læmina nox claudit domini mirantia formam.

Ibid.

If

If the ingenious Author of the *Discourse on Poetical Imitation*, had not made it plainly appear, that what is too frequently mistaken for one Poet's Imitation of another, is only an unavoidable Similarity, that will always attend the Description of the same thing drawn by two Geniuses tho' living in two different Ages and Countries, (for Descriptions are nothing but Transcripts from Nature, and Nature is always the same) I should have been ready to have pronounced EVE's Description of viewing herself in the Fountain, in *Paradise Lost*, to be borrowed by MILTON from the former of these two last Passages in OVID, which is exactly the same, and then concludes,

“ ————Pleas'd I soon return'd,  
 “ Pleas'd it return'd as soon, with answ'ring Looks  
 “ Of Sympathy and Love ; there I had fix'd  
 “ Mine Eyes till now, and pin'd with VAIN Desire,  
 “ Had not a Voice,” &c.

MILTON's Par. Lost. B. iv.

What would lead me too more strongly to the Conjecture, is, the seeming Allusion to the Story of *Narcissus* in the Expression, *pin'd with VAIN Desire*.——For

fear a Chain of Thoughts should here lead me to say any thing disrespectful of that Work which Nature formed with most Taste, Woman, I will abruptly conclude myself,

*Your, &c. &c.*

LET-

## L E T T E R VII.

To the SAME.

**I** Remember, EUPHEMIUS, when we were reading over together LUCIAN's Dialogue concerning BEAUTY, you was uncommonly pleased with that Author for calling HOMER the most excellent of the Painters \*. Which implied, by bestowing this Expression upon the Father of the Poets, that Poetry comprehended all the Powers of her Sister Art. But I am afraid it would be too bold in any Writer to call APELLES, or PROTOGENES, the most excellent of the Poets. For tho' no Painter can arrive at any Perfection without a poetical Genius, yet his Art comprehending only Part of the Powers of Poetry, there would not be sufficient Authority for the mutual Appellation. There are Subjects indeed in common to Poets and Painters, but even in those very Subjects, not to mention others

\* Αἰσιῶν των Γραφῶν Ομήρου.

LUCIAN.

which

which are the Province only of the former) Poetry has several adventitious Aids which maintain her Superiority over the other Art. Many Objects, it is true, such as the following Night-Pieces for Example, may be so described even by the greatest Poets, that Painters of equal Genius might produce Pictures, betwixt which and them, the Palm of Glory would hang wavering. The first is MILTON's,

---

“ The Moon  
 “ Rising in clouded Majesty, at length  
 “ Apparent Queen unveil'd her peerless Light,  
 “ And o'er the Earth her Silver Mantle threw.”

MILTON's Par. Lost. B. iv.

The next is HOMER's, which EUSTATHIUS esteemed the most beautiful Night-Piece in Poetry.

Ως δ' οτ' ἐν ἄγρῳ \*, &c.

Iliad lib. viii. l. 551.

The

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\* Mr. POPE's Translation of this Passage is, in my Opinion, superior to the Original, which the ingenious Author of Sir THO. FITZOSBORNE's Letters has remarked before me. I must add one Observation, which is, that Mr. POPE has most happily digested a Line of SHAKESPEARE's.

“ And

The rest are SHAKESPEAR'S.

—————“ Yonder blessed Moon—————  
 “ That tips with Silver all those Fruit-Tree Tops.”  
*Romeo and Juliet.*

Again,

“ The Moon shines bright : in such a Night as this,  
 “ When the sweet Wind did gently kiss the Trees,  
 “ And they did make no Noise.” *Merch. of Ven.*

Now tho', I confess, *these* beautiful Strokes  
 of the three greatest Poets the World ever  
 produced, may be equalled by Painting,  
 yet I will prove that one adventitious  
 Circumstance *might* be thrown into such  
 a Landscape by Poetry, as the utmost  
 glow of Colours could never emulate.  
 This too SHAKESPEAR has done by a  
 metaphorical Expression in one single  
 Line,

“ How sweet the Moonlight SLEEPS upon that Bank!”  
*Merch. of Ven.*

---

“ And *tips with Silver* all those Fruit-tree Tops,”  
 into his Translation in this most masterly Manner,  
 “ O'er all the Trees a yellower Verdure shed,  
 “ And *tip with Silver* every Mountain's Head.”  
 To this I would apply, as Mr. H—— does in general,  
 the Story of DOMINICHINO's availing himself of AUG.  
 CARRACCI's Picture.

That

That Verb [SLEEPS,] taken from animal Life and transferred by the irresistible Magic of Poetry, to the before lifeless Objects of the Creation, animates the whole Scene, and conveys an instantaneous Idea to the Imagination what a solemn Stillness is required, when the *peerless Queen* of Night is, in the full Splendor of her Majesty, thus lulled to Repose. When I once urged this, to an enthusiastical Admirer of the *Lombard* School of Painters, in favour of the Pre-eminence of Poetry over his beloved Art, he ingenuously confessed it was beyond the Power of the Pencil to convey any Idea adequate to this ; and the ingenious Reason he gave, why it was so, gave me no small Satisfaction. Painting, said he, passes gently thro' one of the Senses, namely, that of Seeing, to the Imagination ; but this adventitious Beauty of SHAKESPEAR's seizes the Imagination at once, before we can reduce the Image to a sensible Object, which every *meer* Picture in Poetry ought, for a Test of its Truth, to be reduced to : However, added he, since we are upon the Subject of Night-Pieces, if you will hazard



zard the Palm of Superiority upon a Subject where both these Arts have every Advantage in common ; that is, if you will collate any Description in Poetry which conveys only Objects to the Eyes without these additional Charms, I dare venture that rural Night Landscape, where you see, pointing to a fine Picture, the Power of the Moon both upon the Land and Water, against the most laboured Strokes of VIRGIL or MILTON, or the more enchanting Sketches of HOMER or SHAKESPEAR. I must own nothing could be more favourable for me than selecting, from his Collection, this very Piece, to put in Competition with these Geniuses ; as it did not necessitate me to seek for a Description on any other Subject, SHAKESPEAR having left us a short one, but at the time the most elegantly picturesque of any I remember ; which with a kind of anticipated Triumph I repeated.

“ To-morrow Night, when *Phæbe* doth behold

“ Her Silver Visage in the watry Glass,

“ Decking with liquid Pearl the bladed Grass.”

*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

I could

I could perceive by the Looks of my Friend, when I had repeated the second Line, that he thought his favorite Painter had equalled SHAKESPEAR in the Representation of the Reflection of the Moon in the Water, but, when I had compleated the Scene by the third Line,

“ Decking with liquid Pearl the bladed Grass,”

both his Heart, Eyes, and Tongue confessed the Victory of our inimitable Poet, —You know, EUPHEMIUS, the Representations of Nature in her *simple Retirements*, as I used to call a rural Evening, were my favorite Subjects ; more especially when the Artist had blended with the Truth of Imitation, that undefineable Delicacy of Taste, to which even TRUTH herself is often indebted for a more agreeable Admittance into the Heart. I will illustrate what I mean by Example. That succinct Pincture of the Setting Sun in the viiith Book of the *Iliad*,

Εν δ' ἐπεὶ ὠκεανῷ λαμπρὸν φαῖν ἡελίοιο  
ἔλκον νυκτὶ μελαιναῖαν ἐπὶ ζειδωρὸν ἀρῶραν.

Lin. 485.

“ Now

“ Now deep in Ocean sunk the Lamp of Light,  
 “ Drawing behind the cloudy Veil of Night.”

POPE's *Translation*.

has very strong Outlines, and commands the warmest Approbation of our *Judgment*, but being unadorned with other Circumstances, and wanting Objects to enliven the Landscape, the Applause ends with the Judgment, and never sinks deep into the Heart. Whereas the following Scene, in Mr. COLLINS's Ode to the Evening, being animated by proper Allegorical Personages, and coloured highly with incidental Expression, warms the Breast with a sympathetic Glow of retired Thoughtfulness.

“ For when thy folding Star arising shews,  
 “ His paly Circlet, at his warning Lamp,  
     “ The fragrant Hours and Elves,  
     “ Who slept in Flow'rs the Day,      [Sedge,  
 “ And many a Nymph who wreaths her Brows with  
 “ And sheds the fresh'ning Dew, and lovelier still,  
     “ The PENSIVE PLEASURES sweet  
     “ Prepare thy shadowy Car \*.”

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\* See a Collection of Odes published a few Years ago by Mr. WILLIAM COLLINS, whose neglected Genius will hereafter be both an Honour and a Disgrace to our Nation.

Perhaps

Perhaps you will here turn a former Remark of my own upon me, and say with the tragic Poet,

“ It bears a just Resemblance of thy Fortune,

“ And suits the quiet Purpose of thy Soul.”

YOUNG’S *Revenge*.

and tell me, as you once did upon a similar Occasion, that I am obliged to Retirement for the Discovery of these humble Pleasures. Perhaps I am in some measure: but tho’ Sorrows have bettered my Heart, and rendered it more familiar with Nature than it might have been in the chearfuller Scenes of Life, yet you must confess, that, from our earliest Acquaintance, you always perceived in me a *kindred* Spirit to the PENSIVE PLEASURES. Adieu, my dear Friend, and rest assured, that, whether I speculate only in the Shades of Obscurity, or whether the Pursuit of my not ill-grounded future Expectations, casts me into the more noisy Scenes of Action, I shall always remain with the greatest Sincerity,

*Your, &c. &c.*

L E T T E R

## L E T T E R VIII.

To the S A M E.

**D**ID AMELIA and several others of my Friends in Reality desire, in Conjunction with you, that I would send you the little Essay, which I wrote several Years ago, when I was very young, upon the *polite Arts*; or was it one of the good-natured Frauds of Friendship, to deceive me into the harmless Pleasure of thinking such a Trifle should be in request among those, whose Esteem I so highly value? Be it which it will, your Desire shall command my Compliance in every respect, and I will therefore transcribe the whole from the periodical Miscellaneous Collection in which it was published.

\* Nothing is a greater Indication of Luxury, the Fore-runner of Poverty, than the Degeneracy of the polite Arts into useless Ostentation. The Poets, Painters,

\* This little Essay was published in a periodical Paper which came out once a Fortnight in the Year 1746.

E

and

and Sculptors have of late almost forgot what gave rise to, and ought to be the end of their Labours. Those noble Designs in which ATHENS gloried more than in all her Military Exploits, are now little regarded; and those noble Servants of Virtue, the ARTS, which formerly gave Instruction not only to the young and unexperienced, but to the old and learned, are mostly slighted, and often prostituted to adorn Vice, and flatter human Vanity. But to lay aside the Severity of the Moralist, and talk to the Professors, of what, they will think, concerns them most. I am fully convinced that nothing would so much contribute to their Fame and Fortune, and to make them complete Masters, as an Attachment to Virtue, and the Uses of Life; and an Emulation to form their Designs from the Models of those ancient Artists, whose Works have been delivered down to us with the greatest Applause, and will be to all Posterity, as long as Truth is esteemed the Criterion of Perfection.

Suppose any one of the Geniuses of the present Age, whether Poet, Painter, or  
I Statuary,

Statuary, instead of following the wild Lure of his own Imagination, or the Whims of modern Originals, should modestly content himself to make PRODICUS's Judgment of HERCULES in XENOPHON'S *Memorabilia*; the *perfect Beauty* of LUCIAN; or *the mythological Picture of Human Life* written by CEBES, the Subject of his Imitation; I dare answer for it he would presently excell his Brethren, and verify this Observation, that the most faithful Disciples of Nature are always the greatest Masters of Art. This Justice, however, I must do my Countrymen, to observe, that there are still several among us \*, who, in spite of publick Depravity, retain a virtuous Love for the Arts, and make *Use* the End of their Endeavours. A Friend of mine, who is an Admirer of the three Pieces above-mentioned, took me to see a Collection of Pictures, which were most of them taken from the Designs of those celebrated Writers. Among the rest I was particularly

\* HOGARTH and WILSON have given the World sufficient Proofs of as true Genius for Design as ever adorned the Art of Painting, however their ignorant Countrymen may have neglected such uncommon Talents.

pleased with four, which exceeded any modern Performances, I ever saw, in Contrivance and Execution. The Subjects were INFANCY, YOUTH, MANHOOD, and AGE, which were represented in the following manner. The principal Figure of the first Piece was a naked Child coming into a Wilderness, supported by INNOCENCE and WONDER. At the Entrance the FANCIES of various kinds stood ready to receive it, who were conducted, for the most part, by *Imposture*, *Ignorance*, and *Error*; some few indeed by *Reason* and *Truth*. Those, belonging to the former, were the Ministers of *Misery*; those, to the latter, of *Happiness*. Both Parties seemed very desirous to allure the *new Comer* to their respective Dwellings, and Doubt and Pleasure were blended together in the Infant's Countenance.—The second Piece was composed of a Group not unlike the first. A young Man was represented walking in a beautiful Garden, where all the Trees in full Blossom were arranged in the most natural Manner; the *Loves*, the *Graces*, and *Pleasures* were courting his Embrace, whose Caresses he returned



returned with mutual Ardor. Beneath the Feet of these was a Serpent crawling out from under a Bordure of Flowers ; and, at a little Distance from thence, three or four *Cupids* binding *Reason* in Chains. VENUS appeared above, descending in a Chariot drawn by Doves, with her *Idalian* Son upon her Lap, and *Indolence* amidst her Court of infant Vices lolling on a Couch below. ——— MANHOOD, the Subject of the third Piece, was characterized by a sedate Person in a Vineyard at the time of Vintage. He was leaning in a thoughtful Posture, against a large Olive-Tree, whose Fruit was falling round him. *Ambition* stood on one Side, pointing to the Temple of *Glory*, and *Care* on the other Side, with a wrinkled Forehead, looking at *Necessity*. To these the *Arts* and *Sciences* were offering their Assistance, and the *Laws* protecting them, with their written Tables in one hand, and the Sword of *Justice* in the other. But amidst all this Group, the Figures that looked the most amiable were *Friendship*, *conjugal Love*, and *parental Affection*. To give these the most heavenly Sweetness, the

Painter had exerted his utmost Skill; and to these the principle Image seemed most attentive, as if he regarded the rest only as subservient to them.—The fourth Piece remains to be described. There was an old Man standing in a leafless Grove, with his unactive Arms folded together, as if he was fixed in the deepest Meditation. His Beard was long and white, and his Garments like those worn by the *Athenian* Sages. *Reflection* and *Experience* came behind him, and their Offspring *Forefight* and *Precaution* went before. *Reason*, the great Queen of the intellectual Train, appeared in a triumphal Car, with the *Passions* chained to the Wheels, and *Opinion* waiting on her Look: at some Distance *Hope* and *Peace* were ready to conduct the Sage to the Temple of Death, who sat upon a Throne with *Time*, (his Train of *Hours* and *Days* attending round,) and seemed to invite the approaching Guest with a friendly Smile of Salutation, and not to deter him with the Looks of Horror, in which the Guilty are accustomed to paint him.—In these four Pictures, the Seasons of Life, the  
*Passions,*

*Passions*, &c. are most beautifully personified, and may serve as a Specimen of what was esteemed ingenious and beautiful among the Ancients.

But besides these, I was not a little delighted with another single Piece in the same Collection. It was the Wreck of a large Ship on a Rock; the Vessel is supposed to have just bulged, the Mariners are all in the utmost Confusion and Despair, and in the midst of them upon the Deck stands a beautiful young Woman looking down upon the Waves below, where an old Man is expiring with a dead Infant in his Arms: the one is supposed to be her Father, the other her Child: the lively Anguish, mixed with the most tender Looks of parental and filial Love, which she expresses, never fails to raise in the Spectator of this Master-piece of Art, the most heart-ennobling Pity, and gives us a silent Lesson of Duty and Affection.—Such Subjects as these ought to employ the Time of every Artist, where natural and moral Beauty would be again united as they were of old; for whenever a good Taste prevails in the

one, an inseparable Connection will transfer it into the other ; but as long as *Superstition* uses *Art* like a Magician's Wand, to delude the Multitude with her fairy Creations, and *Luxury* allures her to rebel against *Virtue*, the Productions must necessarily be monstrous ; disgust every undistempered Mind ; and only suit that Incongruity from whence they sprung of *Priestcraft* and *Licentiousness*.

You see, EUPHEMIUS, how willing I am to oblige you, by hazarding to your nice Inspection the first Sallies of a young, tho' well-meaning, Fancy. If the Essay gives AMELIA any Pleasure, I dare say you will very soon communicate it to me, as I am convinced, from repeated Favors of this kind, that you will never let any Opportunity escape of giving me even the least Satisfaction ; much less will you conceal from me what, you may very well know, will afford the greatest. I am,

Your, &c. &c.

L E T-

## L E T T E R IX.

To the S A M E.

I AM quite sick, my dear Friend, of the splendid Impertinence, the unmeaning Glitter, the tasteless Profusion, and monstrous Enormities, which I have lately seen in a Summer's Ramble to some of the Villas which swarm in the Neighbourhood of our Metropolis. You would imagine that the Owners, having retained the horrid Chimæras of a feverish Dream, had jumbled them together in a waking Frenzy. In one Place was a House built from an aukward Delineation plundered from an old *Indian* Screen, and decorated with all the Monsters of *Asia* and *Africa*, inhospitably grinning at Strangers over every Door, Window, and Chimney-Piece. In another, we found an old *Gothic* Building encrusted with Stucco, sliced into *Grecian* Pilasters, with gilded Capitals; superbly lined with Paper disfigured all over with the fat Deities of CHINA, and the heterogeneous Animals that exist  
only

only in the aërial Regions of UTOPIA. Few, very few, did we meet with that bore any relation to Proportion, or the Conveniencies and natural Emoluments of Life. But in all these notable Distortions of Art, I perceived the poor prostituted Word TASTE, was constantly made use of to express the abortive Conceptions of a distempered *Fancy*. From a cursory View of these motley Productions of modern Refinement, you would be led to think, that the new Gentry of the City, and their Leaders the well-dressed Mob about St. *James's*, were seized, the very Moment they left the Town-Air, with a *Chinese* Madness, and imagined a Deviation from *Truth* and *Nature* was an infallible Criterion of TASTE. But of all the splendid Impertinencies I ever saw, nothing ever excited in me so contemptuous an Indignation as MUCIO's Palace ; and yet the silly Multitude pour forth in abundant Crowds from the adjacent City, during the Summer Season, on a particular Day of the Week, which the indulgent Owner sets apart for that Purpose, to gaze with open-mouthed Astonishment at the  
superb

superb Nothing of this unmeaning Structure. MUCIO's Palace stands about six Miles from LONDON, upon a dry barren Spot, where GOD never intended Wood should naturally grow, or Water spring: MUCIO therefore made choice of this Spot, in Preference to any other, to shew the *admiring* Spectators, that Wealth could perform every thing in the Physical World, as his *wary* Ancestors had found it would do in the Moral. So to supply what Nature in a profuse Irregularity bestows upon other Places, but had withheld from this, he planted, at an immense Expence, by Rule and Line, several *pretty* Walks of Elm Trees, so engagingly like one another, that, at the first Glance, you may know them all to be of the same Family; and observing that Water is more *naturally* collected into, and preserved in a Body, in low Situations, MUCIO, whose chief Aim, it seems, was to *excel Nature*, most *artfully* caught upon an Eminence, in a round Bason turned by a pair of Compasses, or more properly a large Rain-water Cistern of ten Acres, the imprisoned Contributions of Winter Showers, to putrify

trify by Stagnation in the Summer Season. The House itself, it is true, is built with good *Portland* Stone, before which is *stuck on* a Portico in the *Corinthian* Order. The Rooms within are large without Magnificence; numerous without Convenience; and fitted up with an ostentatious Splendor, without the minutest Appearance of any one real Elegance. The Furniture is even disgustingly expensive, and ornamented into useless Incumbrance. Several daubed Copies of P. PININI'S Ruins dangle over monstrous Marble Chimney-Pieces, that look like Family Monuments in a Cathedral; and not a few shapeless naked *Pagan* Deities, *done* by modern Artists, sprawl upon Canvas surrounded with gilt Frames, tacked upon Hangings of Gold and Silver Tissue. In short, the whole seems as if Mucio had been suffered by Heaven, to squander away immense Treasures in this most ridiculous manner, to give a silent Lesson of Consolation to every Spectator, how low soever his Lot is fallen in the Vale of Life, that Nature and Propriety will make a thatch-covered Cottage useful, and an Orna-



Ornament in the rural Landscape round him, when this enormous Pile of Stones scarce afforded the tasteless Builder a dwelling Room, and will remain, even in Ruins, a Monument of Vanity and Dulness.---I am glad you have finished to your Satisfaction, the *Palladian* Bridge, you was so busy about when I was last with you at ———. I have selected a very beautiful Parcel of Spar for your Grotto, which I propose to send in a few Days. I am,

Your, &c. &c.

L E T-

## L E T T E R X.

TO EUGENIO.

I HAVE sent you, according to my Promise, EUGENIO, that little Philosophical Poem, I have so often recommended, written by Sir JOHN DAVIES, entitled, *The Original, Nature, and Immortality of the Soul*. Wherein you will find the secret Springs of Pleasure and Pain, Love and Hatred, laid open to your Inspection. The ingenious Author, after having described the *five Senses* as the Inlets of all Objects to the Soul, and the Imagination as a *Sense in common* betwixt them and the *intellectual Powers*, proceeds to explain, in the following Stanzas, whence the *Spirits of Sense* [i. e. TASTE] arise, and how they influence the human Passions.

But since the *Brain* does lodge the Pow'rs of Sense,  
How comes it in the *Heart* those Passions spring ?  
The mutual Love, the kind Intelligence ;

'Twixt *Heart* and *Brain* this Sympathy doth bring.  
From the kind Heat which in the *Heart* doth reign,  
The *Spirits of Life* doth their beginning take,

Those

Those *Spirits of Life* ascending to the Brain  
 When they come there the *Spirit of Sense* do make.  
 These *Spirits of Sense* in *Fantasy's* high Court,  
 Judge of the Forms of Objects ill or well,  
 And so they send a good or ill Report  
 Down to the Heart where all *Affections* dwell.  
 If the Report be *good* it causeth *Love*,  
 And longing *Hope*, and well assured *Joy*;  
 If it be ill, then doth it Hatred move,  
 And trembling *Fear*, and vexing *Griefs* annoy.

You will observe from hence that a true relish for Life as well as for natural Beauty, depends upon a right Management of our Fancies ; for if Fancy presents Objects in false Appearances to these *Spirits of Sense*, the *Affections* will embrace Vice and Deformity with the Caresses, which naturally belong to Virtue and Beauty. For this Reason the noble Author of the CHARACTERISTICS warns us, out of the Stoic School, against the Delusions of a false Fancy, as the most important Concern of our Being \*. If you would see this Doctrine illustrated and adorned with the most genuine Flowers of Poetry, let me recommend you to the third Book of

\* See Lord Shaftesbury's *Characterics passim*.

the *Pleasures of the Imagination*, the most beautiful of all didactic Poems.—I find Ambition has drawn you, from the quiet Retirement I last left you in, to the busy Buzz of Courts and Levees. I must ingenuously confess, that the pursuit of Wealth and Honours I should *now* enjoy myself, for since the irreparable Loss of all domestic Comforts I sustained by the Death of my dear EUDOCIA, I have placed my chief Happiness in hopes of raising myself to the Character a long race of Ancestors have possessed before me ; but for you, who still enjoy the more desirable Comforts of conjugal Love, to leave the enchanting Conversation of your fair accomplished Friend, for the dull Jargon of Business, is an exchange infinitely to your Loss. If *Fancy* has dressed up *domestic HAPPINESS* in the Robes of Office, believe me she plays the *Spirits of Sense* very false, and let me warn you betimes, lest your Fate should be the same as that of a noble *Arabian* I have heard related. The Story is this. There dwelt at IZRA a young Nobleman named MIRAVAN, who was blessed with Health, Wit, Beauty,  
and

and a sufficient Competency of the good Things of this World, which for some Years he enjoyed with the most uninterrupted Satisfaction, till one Day walking among the Tombs of his Ancestors, he observed upon one of them the following Inscription, almost erased by Time ;

IN THIS TOMB IS A GREATER TREASURE  
THAN CROESUS EVER POSSESSED.

Inflamed immediately with the very lust of Avarice, he caused the *ponderous and marble jaws* (as SHAKESPEAR calls them) of his Ancestor's Sepulchre to be opened ; when entering with rapturous Expectation of finding immense Treasures, he was struck speechless with Disappointment to behold nothing but a Heap of Bones, Dust, and Putrefaction, with this Inscription over it :

HERE WOULD HAVE DWELT ETERNAL  
REPOSE A TREASURE CROESUS NEVER  
POSSESSED WHICH THOU HAST DRIVEN HENCE  
BEING EXCITED BY AN INSATIABLE LOVE  
OF GOLD TO DISTURB THE SACRED REMAINS  
OF THY PROGENITORS. HAD NOT THY  
REASON BEEN DELUDED BY A FALSE FANCY  
SHE WOULD HAVE TOLD THEE THAT THE  
F GRAVE

GRAVE CONTAINS NOTHING BUT DUST AND  
ASHES.

Adieu, my dear EUGENIO, and build  
no Expectations but upon the Rock of  
Certainty. I am,

*Your, &c.*

LET-

## L E T T E R   X I.

T O   E U P H E M I U S.

I AM greatly pleased, EUPHEMIUS, that you was of the same Opinion as myself, in a late Conversation, that nothing would vitiate a Man's *Taste* for Poetry more, than frequently reading the *Italian* Poets. Their forced Allusions, their tinsel *Concetti*, and perpetual Affectation of hunting for pretty Thoughts indiscriminately upon every Subject, are so many Deviations from good Writing, which degrade the Dignity of *Heroic*, and totally destroy the Simplicity of *Pastoral* Poesy. Sir PHILIP SIDNEY'S *ARCADIA* affords a sufficient Example how much the finest Genius may be corrupted by a too familiar Intercourse with those exotic Triflers. I do not mean by this to extend my Censure to every Part of their poetical Compositions, as there are many beautiful Passages in TASSO'S *JERUSALEM* in one Species, and in his *AMINTA* in

the other ; in ARIOSTO'S ORLANDO, and in GUARINI'S PASTOR FIDO, which are worthy of the highest Commendations ; much less would I recommend the *total* neglect of them, or snatch that Palm of Glory from their Heads, which they have justly merited, from being the Inventors of the *Dramatic Pastoral*. Nevertheless I still retain the Sentiments I then advanced, that there were even in those two celebrated Pieces, the AMINTA and PASTOR FIDO, such a tasteless Profusion of that shining Stuff, which BOILEAU calls *Clinquant*, as must greatly disgust every Reader whose Fancy is properly chastened by that Parent of sober Criticism, from whom the STAGYRITE drew every Precept, *unerring Nature*. The first Act of both is full of those *pretty* Absurdities ; indeed GUARINI so faithfully copies his Predecessor, that LINCO utters DAFNE'S Thoughts throughout, and almost too in the same Expressions. For Example,

Odi quel Uscignuolo

Che va di ramo in ramo

Cantando, *Io amo, Io amo.*

Dafn. in Am. Act. I.

Quell'



Quell' Augellin, che canta  
Si dolcemente, e lascivetto vola  
Or da l'Abete al Faggio,  
Ed or dal Faggio al Mirto,  
S' avesse umano Spirto,  
Direbbe, ardo d'amore, ardo d'amore.

Linco in Pastor Fido, Aët. I.

La Biscia lascia il suo veleno, e corre  
Cupida al suo Amatore :  
Van le Tigri in amore :  
Ama il Leon superbo :

Dafne in Aminta, Aët. I.

This last description of Tasso's, of the force of Love in the Brute Creation, is indeed unaffectedly beautiful, but GUARINI, thinking it a plain and spiritless Observation, has *Italianized* it to his own Fancy in the following manner.

Mugge in mandra l'armento, et quei muggiti  
Sono amorosi inviti.  
Rugge il Leone al bosco,  
Ne quel ruggito è d'ira  
Così d'amor Sospira.

Pastor Fido, Aët. I.

This Lion (as THESEUS says of his Brother in SHAKESPEAR'S *Midsummer Night's Dream*) is a very gentle Beast, and of a good Conscience. But I cannot dismiss this Passage without noticing the Merit of the AMSTERDAM Editor of 1732, who founds this ingenious explanatory Note upon the poor Word *Cosi*. *Nell istesso modo* (says he) or *forse meglio : quando fa Cosi, cio è quando rugge*. It may easily be conceived how a luxuriant Fancy may in the Heat of poetic Rapture glow up into Nonsense; but how a Commentator can coolly explain it afterwards is beyond my Understanding to account for.

I should be glad if some of those Gentlemen, who are so willing to believe the Superiority of the *Italian* Poets over their own Countrymen, would collate FLETCHER'S *Faithful Shepherdess*, and MILTON'S *Comus*, with the abovementioned Pieces, and impartially consider the full Merit of both. I dare say they would find this Branch of Laurel, which those two great Men have so successfully transplanted from ITALY, flourishes better in our own temperate Climate, than on the  
Banks

Banks of the TIBER. But, as the FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS is more precisely a dramatic pastoral Poem than COMUS, and the first too that was attempted in our Language, I would rest the Contention upon that alone. If they descend to particular Passages, the following may safely be put in Competition both for Taste and Moral, with any they can produce from their favorite Authors. After the *Satyr* has left CLORIN, the Faithful Shepherdes, she breaks out into the following Soliloquy.

All my Fears go with thee.  
 What Greatness, or what private hidden Power  
 Is there in me to draw Submission  
 From this rude Man or Beast ? Sure I am mortal :  
 The Daughter of a Shepherd ; he was mortal :  
 And she that bore me mortal : prick my Hand  
 And it will bleed ; a Fever shakes me, and  
 The self-same wind that makes the young Lambs shrink  
 Makes me a-cold : my Fear says I am mortal :  
 Yet I have heard, my Mother told it me,  
 And now I do believe it, if I keep  
 My Virgin Flow'r uncropt, pure, chaste, and fair,  
 No Goblin, Wood-God, Fairy, Elf, or Fiend,  
 Satyr, or other Pow'r that haunts the Grove,  
 Shall hurt my Body, or by vain Illusion,  
 Draw me to wander after idle Fires ;

Or Voices calling me in dead of Night,  
 To make me follow, and to tole me on  
 Thro' Mire and standing Pool, to find my Ruin :  
 Else why should this rough thing, who never knew  
 Manners nor smooth Humanity, whose Heats  
 Are rougher than himself, and more mishapen,  
 Thus mildly kneel to me ? Sure there's a Pow'r  
 In that great Name of Virgin, that binds fast  
 All rude uncivil Bloods, all Appetites  
 That break their Confines. Act. I.

PERIGOT's Declaration, of the Purity  
 of his Love to AMORET, and the Chastity  
 of his Intentions, is not with less Taste  
 described in the same Act, not for-  
 getting how ingeniously the Poet has  
 availed himself of the Prejudices imbibed  
 in Infancy concerning invisible Powers.

O do not wrong my honest simple Truth:  
 Myself and my Affections are as pure  
 As those chaste Flames that burn before the Shrine  
 Of the chaste DIAN: Only my Intent  
 To draw you thither was to plight our Troths  
 With interchange of mutual chaste Embraces,  
 And ceremonious tying of our Souls :  
 For to that holy Wood is consecrate  
 A virtuous Well, about whose flow'ry Banks  
 The nimble-footed Fairies dance their Rounds  
 By the pale Moon-shine, dipping often times  
Their

Their stolen Children, so to make 'em free  
 From dying Flesh, and dull Mortality;  
 By this fair Fount hath many a Shepherd sworn,  
 And given away his Freedom, many a Troth  
 Been plight, which neither Envy, nor old Time  
 Could ever break, with many a chaste Kifs given  
 In Hope of coming Happiness. Act. I.

And AMARILLIS's Description of the  
*sullen Shepherd*, his Dog, and his Flocks,  
 is as elegant. When I here say *elegant*,  
 I would not be understood to mean that  
 the Objects described are so, I mean the  
 Description only; for Poetry, as well as  
 Painting, being an Imitative Art, a Poet  
 may shew as much Ingenuity and Taste  
 in the Description of a Desert, as in that  
 of the most flow'ry Landscape.

There is a Shepherd dwells  
 Down by the Moor, whose Life hath ever shown  
 More sullen Discontent than SATURN's Brow,  
 When he sits frowning on the Births of Men:  
 One that doth wear himself away in Loneliness,  
 And never joys, unless it be in breaking  
 The holy plighted Troths of mutual Souls:  
 One that Lusts after every sev'ral Beauty,  
 But yet was never known to love or like,  
 Were the Face fairer and more full of Truth

Than

Than PHOEBE in her Fullness, or the Youth  
 Of smooth LYÆUS ; whose nigh-starv'd Flocks  
 Are always scabby, and infect all Sheep  
 They feed withal, whose Lambs are ever last  
 And die before their weaning, and whose Dog  
 Looks like his Master, lean, and full of Scurf,  
 Not caring for the Pipe or Whistle. Act. I.

To dwell upon every Beauty in this Piece would be to transcribe the whole. I shall therefore only add, that all Men of Genius, since the Death of the great Author, have concurred in applauding this most excellent Performance. As I have so warmly spoken of this Play, give me Leave to recommend to you the additional Pleasure, when you next read it, of perusing the Notes of the last Editor, Mr. SEWARD, who has made some happy Emendations in the Text, and very appositely illustrated his Author with several similar Passages from HOMER, THEOCRITUS, VIRGIL, SPENSER, SHAKESPEAR, and MILTON.—Notwithstanding what I have said concerning the *Italians*, I hope my Compliments won't be unacceptable to our ingenious Friend, whom we call PETRARCH, in his Retirement  
in

in the Vale of——, known among us by the Name of VALCLUSA, and his amiable, I may say, his enchanting LAURA. Adieu.

*I am,*

*Your, &c. &c.*

LET-

## L E T T E R XII.

TO PHILEMON.

I HAVE been several Days, my dear PHILEMON, feeding my Eyes with those delicious Remains of ancient Architecture, the Ruins of PALMYRA, with which those very ingenious Gentlemen Mr. DAWKINS and Mr. WOOD, who made a Voyage into ASIA on Purpose, with the much to be lamented Mr. BOUVERIE, have so greatly entertained the Public. I am almost persuaded that LONGINUS himself must have been the Architect of the Temple of the Sun. There is something so sublime in that View of the grand Entrance, and the noble Perspective behind it; and so analogous to his capacious Conceptions of Greatness in poetical Compositions; that many a one, with a Fancy less warm than mine, joined to a Temper somewhat more dogmatical, would pronounce it absolutely to be the Work of that great Genius, and endeavour to support his Opinion, like a modern Controversialist, with a  
hundred



hundred notable Conjectures tacked together with Shreds of ancient History. I must own I was greatly surprized that among this prodigious Heap of magnificent Ruins, there should be found only four IONIC Pillars, and all the rest should be of the CORINTHIAN Order. The Detestation the PALMYRENES bore to the ROMANS might be a strong Reason there should be none of the TUSCAN; by why one GRECIAN Order should be so little used, and the other totally neglected, seems not so easily to be accounted for, especially too when the IONIC was more in use, thro' ASIA MINOR and the neighbouring Countries to PALMYRA, than both the other two joined together. 'Tis true, indeed, the Simplicity of the DORIC would have ill suited the magnificent Structures built in Honor of the greater Cœlestial Gods, but might nevertheless, with the utmost Propriety and Taste, have been applied in Temples of the inferior Deities, and more particularly too of those who presided over the Concerns of the innocent Shepherd and laborious Husbandman. Here not only the plain

plain substantial Column of the DORIC, the Canon of whose Order was ascertained, not by the lofty Cedar, but by sturdy Trees of a more common Growth, was the only *proper* Support for the Temple of PAN or SYLVANUS, but the Ornaments generally made use of in that Order were such too as would be expected naturally in Buildings of that kind at the first Institution of this rural Religion; namely, the Heads and Horns of Animals offered up in their Sacrifices. The want of this Species of Architecture makes me suspect, that the Ruins which now remain were built at a Time when an unbounded Luxury had over-run the State, and almost extinguished the natural Taste for Truth and Propriety. The great Critic just mentioned, has a most beautiful Observation, in his *Treatise upon the Sublime*, concerning the Effect which immoderate Wealth has both upon private Families and Nations, and the speedy Progress it makes to obliterate in the human Soul, by the Luxury accompanying it, that noble and natural Regard for every Species of Virtue, which the benevolent

lent Author of our Being has originally implanted in us. "I cannot conceive, " (says LONGINUS) how it can happen " otherwise, but that we, who are so " doatingly fond of immense Riches, or, " to speak more justly, who idolize them, " should receive into our Souls those " Evils which are congenial with them. " For Profusion very closely follows " Wealth, or, as we may say, accompa- " nies it; and the latter having opened " the Gates both of Cities and private " Families, they enter in and dwell toge- " ther: where having settled for some " Time they make their Nest (as the Wise " observe) and presently endeavouring to " propagate their Kind, they beget *Pride* " and *Luxury*, which are no spurious Is- " sues, but their true and legitimate Off- " spring. Whoever permit these Children " of Wealth to come to Maturity within " them, they soon bring forth those impla- " cable Tyrants in their Souls, *Contumely*, " *Injustice*, and *Impudence* \*." Now, His- " tory will inform us, that in all Empires a

\* Οὐ δὲ ἔχω λογιζομένῳ δύναι ὡς οἶον, &c. LONGIN. de Sublim. Page 248, Edit. Pearce.

similar

similar Depravity of Taste for Arts and Sciences and natural Beauty, has ever attended a national Corruption of Morals. In the glorious and virtuous Part of the ROMAN Republic under the Consuls, what admirable Edifices were erected for public Use, such as Temples for the Worship of the Gods, Senate-Houses, Granaries and Aquæducts ! In the Sink of Vice under the Emperors, we hear of expensive Mausoleums, immense Circusses, splendid Amphitheatres, stately Columns dedicated to Monsters who disgraced their Species, and many other tasteless Wonders built for the Gratification of human Vanity. From hence I am inclinable to think the Ruins now before us were erected in the Age immediately preceding, or in that of ZENOBIA herself; when the splendid CORINTHIAN only could satisfy the Luxury of the Times, which had eradicated that Taste for Propriety as otherwise would have been occasionally delighted with the milder Charms of the DORIC Order. Nevertheless considering a true Taste for Architecture must have preceded this indiscriminate Magnificence,

and that many of these Buildings too are not only Instances of great Science, but likewise often applied with great Propriety (for Instance, among others, the great Temple) I could not help falling into the same kind of Reflection as SULPICIUS makes, in his Letter to CICERO \*, on seeing, in his Voyage from ASIA, the Ruins of ÆGINA, MEGARA, the PIRÆEUS, and CORINTH. *Shall such inconsiderable Creatures as myself, (said I) repine at any little private Loss, when at one View I behold the astonishing Magnificence of so many hundred Families, and the vast public Structures of a mighty Kingdom, all in Ruins before me? —*Indeed, PHILEMON, I begin to be ashamed that you ever heard me murmur! — I am now going with a Party of select Friends of both Sexes to take a Tour of Pleasure to several Seats in the North of — *shire*. When I return, you may rely upon receiving free

\* The humane *Sulpicius* thus apostrophizes himself, after the Reflection. Hem! nos homunculi indignamur, si quis nostrum interiit, aut occisus est, quorum vita brevior esse debet, cum uno loco tot oppidum cadavera projecta jaceant? *Visne tu te, Servi, cohibere, et meminisse, hominem te esse natum?* Epist. lib. iv. epist. 5.

and impartial Observations upon what we see there, in the manner you delight in, when you desire me to give you *my flow of Soul*. Adieu, my dear Friend, and continue to do me the Justice of thinking that my Heart always flows from my Tongue and Pen, especially when I say how much I am,

Your, &c. &c.

LET.

## LETTER XIII.

TO LEONORA.

**J**OY to you, my dear LEONORA, upon the Accomplishment of all your own Wishes, and those of a Man who I believe is as dear to you as yourself; at least of one whose Happiness is necessary to constitute yours. You are now entered into that State from whence, as our great Poet says,

“ Relations dear, and all the Charities

“ Of Father, Son, and Brother, first were known\*.

Give me leave, therefore, as the Tie of Blood betwixt us may in some measure authorize the Freedom, and the Friendship we have always had for each other still more, to mix with the unfeigned Joy of Congratulation, the unrestrainable Tenderness of a Brother, and Concern of a Friend, in giving my Advice to you in this Scene of Happiness. Nor think it any Reflection upon the Strength of your Heart, that I should imagine I could any

\* *Par. Lost*, Book the 4th.

way contribute to your Felicity by Admonition, which is not concerning your Prudence (for, to free you at once from any pain of that sort, I really think it incapable of Improvement) but relating to the Observation of some inferior Excellencies, which with the generality of your Sex have past unregarded, but, give me leave to say, are as essentially necessary to preserve a Husband's *Desires*, as the more respectable Duties of a Wife. 'Tis not enough that a Woman is a faithful domestic Friend, she should daily study to invest herself with a hundred little enchanting Graces, suitable to the Disposition of the Man she marries, if she would still retain those unspeakable Charms, conceived only by Lovers, with which she originally captivated his Heart. This grand Secret, my dear Sister, lies in this short Precept, *Never lose the Mistress in the Wife*; a Text of Bullion Sense, which an Essay Writer would wire-draw into twenty glittering Pages. But as my Design is, not to gain your Applause of my Talent as a Writer, but to give a Hint for the Promotion of your Happiness; to say more will be unnecessary,



necessary, to say less would be unaffectionate. I know some of our Friends would rally me for laying so great a stress upon minute Embellishments of Mind and Body; but I would soon stop the Laughter of those Gain-sayers by the following Fable, the Truth of whose Moral is as old and certain as the Foundation of the World, tho' the Story is my own Invention. PSYCHE, a Virgin born in the Island of CYPRUS, grew enamoured of CUPID the Son of VENUS. After making some unsuccessful Attempts to inspire the little God with a mutual Passion, she retired from the World to vent her Complaints in melancholy Solitude. There dwelt not far from PAPHOS, the Metropolis of the Country, a Nymph called TASTE, a Daughter of one of the GRACES, to whom the VIRTUES, ARTS, SCIENCES, and even the GODDESS of the island herself often resorted. For without the Assistance of some secret Charms she bestowed upon them, tho' they perhaps might sometimes coldly satisfy the World, their Endeavours to *enchant* it were always ineffectual. Hither PSYCHE repaired, and

having discovered the Cause of her Uneasiness, supplicated the Nymph in the most humble manner to relieve her Distresses.

TASTE, who never refused to comply with the Petitions of her sincere Votaries, heard the Virgin's Request with Compassion, and having made up a Zone of the same Materials with which she had formerly composed the Cestus of VENUS, gave it her with the following Injunctions:

“ Take, said she, my dear PSYCHE, this  
“ magic Zone, and wear it perpetually  
“ round you, from whose latent Folds  
“ such an unspeakable Power shall be  
“ added to your natural Charms, that the  
“ disdainful God of soft Desires shall not  
“ only be captivated with your Beauty,  
“ as soon as he sees you, but shall be retained in a voluntary and pleasurable  
“ Bondage as long as you preserve this  
“ mysterious Pledge of my Affection.  
“ Take the strictest Care therefore of this  
“ inestimable Treasure, for should you  
“ thro' Neglect be so unfortunate to lose  
“ it, CUPID has Wings and will make  
“ use of them to leave you.” Let it be  
sufficient to say, that PSYCHE bound the  
Zone

Zone round her Wafte, and accordingly fo far fucceeded in her Wifhes, that HYMEN in his Saffron Robe foon pronounced a happy Union betwixt her and the Son of VENUS. Days, Weeks, and Months paffed on in uninterrupted Circles of ftill increafing Raptures. If PSYCHE went into the Meadows and Groves to tafte the Tribute of the returning Spring, CUPID was ever ready to wanton before her, and fill her Lap with the choicelt Flowers and Bloffoms. If fhe was inclinable in the Heat of Summer to vifit the Rivers and Fountains, his Image was constantly mixed with hers in the floating Mirror. PSYCHE began now to think her Zone ufelefs, and a troublefome Incumbrance; therefore being one Day fatigued with the ufual Sports of the Country, fhe loofened the golden Studs with which it was faftened round her Waift, and threw it difdainfully into the paffing River. Very few Days paffed after this, before fhe perceived a vifible Alteration in the Affections of her adored CUPID; his Eyes no longer languifhed on hers with in-

effable Desire; his Ears ceased, as they were wont, to be ravished with the Music of her Tongue; and a civil Indifference soon succeeded to the heretofore glowing Language of Extacy. By degrees her Company grew every Day more and more displeasing to him, till at length a total Disgust having seized his Fancy, he spread his rosy Wings in Air, and for ever left the detested Habitation of his once beloved PSYCHE.

Pray deliver my Congratulations upon this happy Occasion to ARISTUS yourself, and then I am sure they will not fail of being acceptable.

*I am,*

*Dear LEONORA,*

*With the greatest Sincerity,*

*Your, &c. &c.*

L E T-

## L E T T E R   X I V .

To the S A M E .

**I**T gave me uncommon Pleasure that my Fable of Admonition was so well received by you and ARISTUS. Indeed, LEONORA, I can never think my Time better spent, than when I am employed in the Promotion of Happiness in a Heart, so capable of every virtuous and elegant Sentiment as your own. I must confess, I had an Intention of sending you an Epithalamium on your Wedding Day, but when I began to express myself with the tenderest Concern, and most ardent Wishes for your Happiness, I found the Muses, who are habituated to Fiction, were so unpropitious to unpoetical Truth, that, at the Conclusion of two or three honest Stanzas, I was obliged to drop my Pen, and offer up, in the Room of it, a free Libation of the Tears of Joy to the God of Marriage. However, as it was not then in my Power to amuse you with any Poetry of my own Composition, I shall  
 now

now take the Liberty to fend you, without any Apology, an old Song, wrote above a hundred Years ago upon a similar Occasion, by the happy Bridegroom himself. And tho' this old Song has been so little heard of, and as yet introduced into no modern Collection, I dare venture to pronounce there is in it more genuine Poetry, easy Turn of Thought, Elegance of Diction, Delicacy of Sentiment, Tenderness of Heart, and natural Taste for Happiness, than in all the Compositions of this Sort, I ever read, in any Language. But as you and ARISTUS have the same way of thinking as this happy Bard, he'll presently raise by Sympathy an Admirer in each of your Breasts, and it is unnecessary for me to bespeak your Favour any farther.

A SONG.

A S O N G.

I.

**A**WAY, let nought to Love displeasing,  
My WINIFREDA, move thy Fear,  
Let nought delay the heav'nly Blessing,  
Nor squeamish Pride, nor gloomy Care.

II.

What tho' no Grants of Royal Donors  
With pompous Titles grace our Blood,  
We'll shine in more substantial Honours,  
And to be noble we'll be good.

III.

What tho' from Fortune's lavish Bounty  
No mighty Treasures we possess,  
We'll find within our Pittance Plenty,  
And be content without Excess.

IV.

Still shall each kind returning Season,  
Sufficient for our Wishes give,  
For we will live a Life of Reason,  
And that's the only Life to live.

V.

Our Name, whilst Virtue thus we tender,  
Shall sweetly sound where-e'er 'tis spoke,  
And all the Great Ones much shall wonder,  
How they admire such little Folk.

VI. Thro'

## VI.

Thro' Youth and Age in Love excelling,  
 We'll hand in hand together tread,  
 Sweet smiling Peace shall crown our Dwelling,  
 And Babes, sweet smiling Babes, our Bed.

## VII.

How should I love the pretty Creatures,  
 Whilst round my Knees they fondly clung,  
 To see 'em look their Mother's Features,  
 To hear 'em lisp their Mother's Tongue!

## VIII.

And when with Envy Time transported  
 Shall think to rob us of our Joys,  
 You'll in your Girls again be courted,  
 And I go wooing in my Boys.

May all the Prophetic Feelings of future Joys contained in this Song fall to the Lot of you and Yours! But above all, may sweet smiling Peace spread her Olive Branches over your Door, and yourselves those other *Olive Branches* round your Table!—My Spirits have been very low of late, which I attribute to beholding frequently some Objects of Distress about me. If therefore my Ma-  
 I lady



lady is owing either to corporeal or mental Sympathy, I don't know where I can find a surer Remedy than under the same Roof with you and ARISTUS. So you may expect a Patient very soon. I am,

*Your, &c. &c.*

## LETTER XV.

## TO EUPHEMIUS.

**I** HAVE been as often enraged, EUPHEMIUS, as yourself, at the trite, dull, and false Observation, often made by the half-witted Pretenders to Learning, that we have no poetical Genius left among us. How far this *tasteless* Prejudice against our own Times, may tend to extinguish what we have, I know not; but certain I am, that, if this stupid Reverence for *whatever* was the Productions of our Ancestors, and the more irrational \* and

\* This Failing is by no means totally peculiar to our present Age, (tho' perhaps now carried higher than it ever was in any other;) for HORACE makes the same Complaint of the *Romans* in his Time, in his Epistle to AUGUSTUS. The Poet after having ingeniously to his Patron shewed the Injury and Absurdity of the Practice, cries out,

Indignor quicquam reprehendi, non quia crasse  
Compositum, illepideve putetur, sed quia nuper.

If the Reader would see one of the most ingenious critical Performances ever published, I refer him to Mr. H——'s Notes and Commentary on this Epistle.

indiscri-

indiscriminate neglect of our Contemporaries prevail, we shall be stigmatised by our more discerning Successors as the leaden Sons of BOEOTIA were of old. For my Part, I am of Opinion, that there is now living a Poet of as genuine a Genius as this Kingdom ever produced, SHAKESPEAR alone excepted. By poetical Genius, I don't mean the mere talent of *making Verses*, but that glorious Enthusiasm of Soul, that *fine Frenzy* in which the Poet's Eye rowling "glances from Heav'n to Earth, from Earth to Heaven," as SHAKESPEAR feelingly describes it. This alone is Poetry, aught else is a mechanical Art of putting Syllables harmoniously together. The Gentleman I mean is Doctor AKINSIDE, the worthy Author of the *Pleasures of Imagination*, the most beautiful *didactic* Poem that ever adorned the English Language. Besides this Leader of the *Muse's Train*, we have others now living, who, in their respective Compositions, leave not only our deceased Poets, and those of *France* and *Italy* far behind them,

them, but even bear the Palm away from their Competitors of ancient *Rome*; and, as HOMER describes in his Games the Steeds of DIOMEDES pressing close on the Chariot of EUMELUS\*,

“ (Close on EUMELUS’ Back they puff’d the Wind,  
 “ And seem’d just mounting on his Car behind,  
 “ Full on his Neck he feels the sultry Breeze,  
 “ And hov’ring o’er their stretching shadow sees.)

POPE’S *Transl.*

they breathe, in the Race, even on the Shoulders of their *Grecian* Masters. I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the *Elegy in a Country Church-Yard*, written by Mr. GRAY, of *Peter-House* in *Cambridge*, to the best Performance, in that kind, of OVID, TIBULLUS, or PROPERTIUS. Has HORACE any Moral Ode superior to Mr. NUGENT’S *Ode to MANKIND*, or any descriptive one to Mr. COLLINS’S *Ode to the EVENING*? Mr. JOS. WARTON’S *Ode to FANCY* would not suffer by the same Comparison. Tho’ Mr. JOHNSON modestly calls his incomparable Satire *on the Vanity of Human*

\* *Iliad* †.

*Wishes*, an Imitation of JUVENAL, I believe no Man of true Taste, and real Judgment would hesitate a Moment to prefer it to the Original. I should pay Mr. MASON no Compliment to compare all the Excellencies in SENECA together to his elegant ELFRIDA; nor do I think I should at all degrade the ATHENIAN Stage to say, that the Palm of *tragic* Glory hangs wav'ring betwixt the conjoined Merit of SOPHOCLES'S PHILOCTETES and the \* OEDIPUS *Coloneus*, and this modern Tragedy, did not SHAKESPEAR, like a Champion of old inspired by all the Gods, step majestically in to bear it away by supernatural Power from the utmost Force of *human* Abilities. I dare say his MONODY *on the Death of Mr. POPE*, wherein he has imitated the Style of four of our *English* Poets, has given you and every Man of true Taste, more Pleasure than the joined Efforts of all the Wits in the celebrated Court of LEO the Tenth†. There is another little Piece

\* I hope private Friendship does not prepossess my Judgment in thinking our Language will be enriched, very soon, by an elegant Translation of SOPHOCLES, now preparing for the Public, by that worthy Man and ingenious Writer Mr. FRANKLIN, Professor of Greek in the University of CAMBRIDGE.

† These Imitations of the ancient Roman Poets FAMI-

written by the same Author, which has no Rival in the Court of AUGUSTUS, entitled *an Ode to a Water Nymph*. Mr. WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, Mr. DYER, Mr. JENNINGS, and several other Gentlemen, have given sufficient Proofs of Talents, which, did a proper Disposition of the Times, to admire this fine Art, call forth their utmost Powers, would arrive at a GRECIAN Perfection. These Opinions, you'll say, are very bold ones to give under my Hand: but as I think I can support them by just Criticism, I shall not fear the misplaced Imputation of being *particular*, for I am sure I shall not stand alone in my Judgment. I dare say AMELIA will be pleased at my *warm* Defence of her favorite Poets, and pray tell her I shall esteem her Approbation equal to the Applause of the *French Academy of Sciences*, and would prefer to being a Member of that illustrious Society the pleasure of subscribing myself hers and

*Your, &c. &c.*

ANUS STRADA has preserved in his *Academical Prolusions*, where the Stiles of LUCAN, LUCRETIVS, CLAUDIAN, OVID, STATIUS, and VIRGIL, are imitated by JANUS PARRHASIUS, PETER BEMBO, BALTHASAR CASTILIONIVS, HERCVLES STROZZA, JOVIANVS PONTANVS, and ANDREAS NAUGERIUS, as he latinizes their Names. Lib. 2. Prolus. 6.

L E T T E R

## L E T T E R XVI.

To PHILETHES.

**F**OND as I am PHILETHES, of the Entertainment of the Theatre, believe me I have lately received an Addition to this favourite Pleasure, and such a one as you would have participated in very greatly with me. This was no less than a total Victory over that inveterate Prejudice of our old Acquaintance MILOTOS, who (like the old Debauchée in GIL BLAS that thought the Works even of Nature daily decay'd) has so frequently maintained that the Faculties of Mankind are much inferior to what they were in the last Generation. The old Gentleman, you know, till this Winter, has not been in Town these twenty Years, and consequently totally ignorant of the last Restoration of Nature in the Representation of Tragedy. When I mentioned my desire of waiting on him

to the Play, he assented to my Proposal with his usual Chearfulness, but at the same time spoke with wonderful Rapture of BETTERTON, POWELL and VERBRUGGEN, and seemed to insinuate, that he should necessarily triumph in the Superiority of his Contemporaries over the modern Heroes of the Buskin. But judge what was my Satisfaction after the Play was over at his Pleasurable Disappointment, when he ingenuously confess'd, that GARRICK was not only the best Actor he ever saw, but even exceeded the utmost Conceptions he had formed of Theatrical Excellence. It has been a peculiar Misfortune in the Representation of Modern Tragedy, that the Subjects of it, by being mostly royal Personages, were removed by their Rank from the common Observation of Mankind; so that our first Players, being totally unacquainted with the Characters; perhaps notably imagined that Princes were of a superior Species to their Subjects, and therefore as BAYS made his Spirits talk unintelligibly, they thought their imaginary Heroes (which



(which they had as little Conception of as the *Rehearsal* Poet had of aërial Beings) should mouth every Sentence inarticulately. The Generality of Audiences are no more conversant with the Originals than the Players themselves; so they took this preternatural Way of speaking as inseparable from the Character of Majesty, till by Degrees, as PRIOR observes upon another Occasion,

“ Custom confirm’d what Fancy had begun.”

and the deep-toned Monotomy became the solemn Manner of *speaking* Tragedy. This was the Situation in which this great Genius found the Stage about fourteen Years ago, who, being blest with every internal and external Qualification for representing human kind in all its Subordinations; having, on the one hand, a sound Judgment, an elegant Taste, a lively Fancy, with the most penetrating discernment into the inmost Recesses of the Heart; and, on the other, an Expressive Countenance, an Eye full of Lustre, a fine Ear, a most

musical and articulate Voice, with an uncommon Power to modulate it with ease to every Transition of Passion, he restored Nature to her lost Empire upon the Stage, and taught us by the Conviction of our sympathizing Souls, that Kings themselves were *Men*, and *felt* like the rest of their Species.—From a Line in HORACE's Epistle to AUGUSTUS, I am inclinable to think that ROSCIUS was among the *Romans* what GARRICK is among us, and that QUIN likewise in Contradistinction may be considered as the Modern ÆSOPUS.

*Quæ gravis Æsopus, quæ doctus Roscius egit.*

In this place the Epithet *doctus* contrasted to *gravis*, the deep Cadence of ÆSOP, means that ROSCIUS was *skilful* in the Transition from one Passion to another, and had a wonderful Happiness in accommodating himself to a Variety of Characters in Tragedy; whereas ÆSOPUS was suited only, by his sonorous full Voice and graver Action, to one particular Species of Charac-

Characters. The Epithet *gravis*, applied to *Æsopus*, has led the Commentators into a Mistake concerning the Talents of *Roscius*: they imagine, because the one is called the *deep-cadenc'd* Actor, that the other in Contradistinction must have been *only* an Actor of Comedies. Their Authority for such a Supposition seems to be this Sentence of *QUINCTILIAN*. *ROSCIUS citatior, ÆSOPUS gravior, quod ille comædias, hic tragædias egit* \*. But *QUINCTILIAN*, considering the distance of Time he lived in from these famous Players, might possibly know as little of the Matter as themselves; but that they were both mistaken in this Point may be collected from *TULLY*, their Cotemporary, who celebrates his inimitable Action as a Tragic Player in the third Book *De Oratore*, as he had occasionally instanc'd him, in the preceding Books upon the same Subject, as the faultless Pattern for the Representation of human Nature in its comic Moods. So

\* Lib. xi. chap. 3.

excellent was this great Man in the Scenic Art, that his Name at length became, as we learn from the same Author, the Proverbial Criterion of Perfection in every Art and Science; inso-much that whoever grew remarkably eminent in any, was call'd the Roscius of his Profession. *Itaque hoc jamdiu est consecutus, ut, in quo quisque artificio excelleret, is in suo genere ROSCIUS diceretur* \*. Considering the Delight and Use that accrue to a rational Creature, from observing a natural Representation of the Passions by which his own Species is perpetually agitated, and consequently the Effect that a well-regulated Stage must have upon the Taste of a whole Nation, I am pleas'd that both the *Roman* and *English* ROSCIUS have been so highly applauded and esteemed in their respective Countries, and that the greatest Men in both have not only been enchanted with them upon the Stage, but have taken Delight to rank them among their Friends in private Society.—I have much to say

\* Cicer. de Orat. lib. 1.

to you about some *Italian Buffoonry* they are exhibiting at one of our Theatres, but shall reserve that till I have the Pleasure of seeing you, which, I have the Satisfaction to hear, will be very soon.

*I am, &c. &c.*

L E T-

# LETTER XVII.

TO EUGENIO.

**G**REAT is the Joy I feel, EUGENIO, that you so highly relish the Conversation of my Friend EUPHEMIUS, more especially too as I was the fortunate Person who introduced you to each other, for which, I must insist upon it, you are both of you greatly indebted to me. I think indeed EUPHEMIUS is blessed with a Grace in Conversation, and a *Taste* in Society, superior to any Man with whom I ever had the Happiness of being acquainted. There arises from the Vivacity of his Fancy, the Delicacy of his Sentiments, and the beautiful tho' unaffected Arrangement of his Words, delivered with a Freedom of Countenance and Sweetness of Voice, such an inexpressible Charm as pleasingly bewitches the Attention of all who hear him. He can descant upon serious Affairs with the most becoming  
Air

Air of Gravity and Consideration, without the least Mixture of Austerity or Philosophical Affectation ; and in the more easy Hours of social Pleasure, he can raise innocent and instructive Mirth from the slightest Accident that happens, and convert the most common Subjects into a thousand Turns of Wit and Humour. One would imagine that SHAKESPEAR had been acquainted intimately with such a Man, when he drew in so lively a manner the Character of BIRON in his *Love's Labour's lost*.

“ ——— A merrier Man,  
 “ Within the Limits of becoming Mirth,  
 “ I never spent an Hour's Talk withal.  
 “ His Eye begets Occasion for his Wit ;  
 “ For ev'ry Object that the one doth catch,  
 “ The other turns to a Mirth-moving Jest,  
 “ Which his fair Tongue (Conceit's Expofitor)  
 “ Delivers in such *apt* and *gracious* Words,  
 “ That aged Ears play Truant at his Tales,  
 “ And younger Hearings are quite ravished ;  
 “ So sweet and voluble is his Discourse.”

Act I.

But his chief Excellence consists in addressing

dreſſing the Fair, when I have heard flow from him, as HOMER phrases it,

— ΕΠΕΑ ΝΙΦΑΔΕΤΣΙΝ ΕΟΙΚΟΤΑ ΧΕΙΜΕΡΑΙΣΙΝ.

Iliad. lib. ɣ. lin. 222.

or, as Mr. POPE tranſlates it, [Words]

“ Soft as the Fleeces of deſcending Snows,”

which beautiful Expreſſion DRYDEN has copied and greatly improved, when he applies it to the ſoft Subject I am ſpeaking of, making LEONORA, in his *Spaniſh Fryar*, deſcribe the Addreſſes of TORRISMOND in the following manner ;

“ But when he ſpoke what tender Words he ſaid,

“ So ſoftly, that like Flakes of feather’d Snow

“ They *melted* as they fell.”

ACT. I.

This ſoftly Breathing the Fervor of one Soul into another, is an Art in which EUPHEMIUS is ſo happily ſkilled, that *Inſenſibility* herſelf, in the ſhape of a Woman, would almoſt loſe her Nature in hearing him, and perceive the pleaſing Infection, would he attempt the Miracle. I have often obſerved, that this enchanting turn in Converſation prevails only in thoſe



of our own Sex, who have conversed much with the more sensible Part of the other. OTWAY justly says,

“ We had been Brutes without them ;”

for let a Man's Erudition be ever so profound, his Fancy lively, and Judgment solid, this Grace, which is not to be described, will be wanting, if his Soul has not been refined, and his Tongue attuned to this sweet Melody by an habitual Intercourse with these fair Preceptors.——We are told that VOITURE was as remarkably happy in Conversation as in his epistolary Writings. This must be attributed to his Intimacy with Mesdamoiselles PAULET and RAMBOUILLET, and the Countess DE SABLE, more than to the Advantage of being a Friend to the learned COSTAR. A Comparison of this Author's Letters with those of his Rival BALSAC, plainly evinces the Truth of this Observation. The easy Air, the happy Sprightliness, and elegant Turn of Expression in the Compositions of the former, discover the Man of the World educated in Courts, and polished by that  
 advantage-

advantageous Collision with the brightest Part of our Species; whilst laboured Language, and an Affectation in Sentiment, inform us frequently, without the help of History, that the other led the Life of a Recluse in the Country. Hence it appears from the different Productions of two Geniuses of equal *natural* Talents, that more Taste and Elegance in Writing is to be acquired in a circle of Beauties at PARIS, than in a *learned* Society of Capuchins in a Convent at ANGOULEME. — Pray tell the Ladies at — that I am now more desirous than ever to get a Corner in your Heart, as I would have every Place open to me where they enter; especially where they *reign* with such unlimited Power. This you owe me; for you can never make more room for me there, than you will find for yourself in the Heart of

Your, &c. &c.

L E T-

[ III ]  
L E T T E R XVIII.

To A R I S T U S.

**I** HAVE spent the last Week, ARISTUS, in the highest Luxury a human Soul is capable of receiving. I need not explain what that Luxury was, when I inform you that I have been with that truly great Man AGATHOCLES at his delightful Seat in the Country; whose Accomplishments and refined Humanity ennoble him infinitely more than that high Rank he inherits from a Race of unsullied Ancestors. Tho' AGATHOCLES was born to the first Honours a Subject can enjoy, supported by a Fortune few under Princes possess, he neither does, nor has occasion to value himself upon either, any farther than they empower him to gratify that most exquisite of all Sensations, which the glowing Heart receives in relieving our Fellow-Creatures. Did the Great consider that they might descend, like the  
Dew

Dew of Heaven, to cherish desponding Merit, to comfort the Afflicted, to protect and redress the Injured, and to support with chearful Sustainance the helpless Poor, surely this Imitation of the most amiable Attribute belonging to the ALMIGHTY, is more worthy of their Ambition than all the mighty Titles the fawning East bestows on it's haughty Monarchs. The most glorious Character in all the *Mahometan* History is that of OMAR, the ninth Caliph of the Race of MERWAN. His Life was one continued Act of Charity and Benevolence; a happy Prelude of his Reign was seen at his Coronation, for History tells us that he gave from off his Back, as soon as the Ceremony of the Inauguration was over, his Imperial Robe adorned with Jewels of an immense Value, even as he was descending down the Steps from the Throne, as an Alms to be distributed among the Indigent. O ARISTUS, I more envy OMAR this humane Sacrifice of Grandeur to Benevolence, (for the Action may be considered thus emblematically)

than

than the dazzling Splendor of all the Lords of the vast OTTOMAN Empire!

—— But to return to AGATHOCLES. Whilst I was at his Castle, which, like the Queen of the Country, overlooks the Subject Vales around it, I thought myself, from the lofty Situation of the Place, and the uncommon Goodness that perpetually reigned there, in Company with a Being of a superior Order; or not unlike to our first Parent, as described by MILTON, on the Top of a high Mountain, receiving Instruction from the Angel MICHAEL: and indeed, often having entertained my Senses with the most desirable Productions of Art and Science, and my Heart with the Contemplation of Goodness, I could not refrain from bursting out into poor EVE's Exclamation,

- “ How shall I part and whither wander down
- “ Into a lower World; to this obscure,
- “ And wild? how shall I breathe in other Air
- “ Less pure, accusom'd to immortal Fruits?

*Parad. Lost, Book the xi.*

Tho' the Taste of this great Man is truly noble and refined in imparadising

(if I may use the Word) the Region round him ; in the Collection of his Pictures ; in the Oeconomy of his Family ; and the Choice of his Pleasures ; a Taste for a superior Accomplishment, I mean that *Grace* with which he accompanies every Word or Act of Benevolence, attracts the more particular Regard of Mankind, yet leaves them in Suspence to decide which is most lovely, the Deed of Goodness, or the Manner of performing it. Without this happy Talent, Munificence stabs a Dagger into the Breast of those she intends to relieve, with one Hand, while she displays her Bounty with the other. This will be fully exemplified in the following short Story. PANDOLFO MALATESTA the Sovereign of REMINI, in the time of Pope ALEXANDER VIth, was the richest Prince in *Italy*, who, after having spent a despicable Life in the Arms of Luxury, was reduced, by a merited reverse of Fortune, to seek for an Asylum at last in a common Hospital at *Bologna*. The Account goes, that this Tyrant, for such he was, being expelled from his Dominions,

nions, and persecuted by his Enemies, in Pain and Want fled to the above-mentioned City, where at that very Time dwelt a Nobleman named PIETRO DEL SACCIO, a Native of *Remini*, who some few Years before had been driven from his Country by the Tyranny of MALATESTA, who unjustly seized upon all his Possessions in that Principality, and put many of his Family to the Sword. When Word was brought to this Nobleman, that the late Usurper was now in his Power, and that he might revenge those Injuries by delivering him up to CÆSAR BORGIA, or by killing him with his own Hand, the exasperated *Italian* with ingenious Malice replied, “ Yes, I will now fully revenge the  
“ Injuries I have sustained ; I will do  
“ more than kill PANDOLFO, for I will  
“ order him to be carried to the Hos-  
“ pital I endowed myself, and let the  
“ Tyrant know that the wretched Means  
“ of protracting a miserable Being, is  
“ owing to the Bounty of PIETRO DEL  
“ SACCIO.” — Such Cruelty will always attend ill-conducted Bounty, however

otherwise intended ! Yet methinks Nature leads us so strongly to administer every Application of Humanity, with that *lenient* Hand so requisite to make even Relief acceptable to an ingenuous Mind, that I wonder a proper Manner does not always accompany a benevolent Action ; nay, farther, I am inclinable to think, where it does not, the Deed cannot proceed from a tender Sympathy of a Fellow-Creature's Distress, but from an Ostentation of superfluous Possessions. Of all Taste may Heaven bestow on me chiefly this ! that when I rock the Cradle of the Orphan, or wipe the gushing Tear from the Eyes of the Widow, I may administer both in so silent a manner, that neither they should feel the Pain of receiving, nor the tainting Breath of the World's Promulgation disturb the quiet Purpose of my Heart, brooding over it's unspeakable Transport in sacred Secrecy ! My Love to LEONORA, to whom I ought to add something in Answer to her last Letter ; but Ideas of Compassion are now work'd up so strongly in my Mind,  
and



and those *Dew-drops of Tendernefs*, as she called them (when I wept over the little Foundling nursed at a neighbouring Cottage) rise so plentifully, that I must abruptly subscribe myself

*Your, &c. &c.*

## LETTER XIX.

## TO CRITOPHILUS.

I VERY readily concur in your Opinion, CRITOPHILUS, that a Work of Criticism is the most difficult to be executed with a proper Taste of any literary Composition whatever. There is something so repugnant to the Pride of Mankind in general, something so detraactive from the supposed Sagacity of every Reader to pretend to inform by the dry Method of Precept, that except an Author has all the Delicacy and artful Address imaginable, to seem to *accompany* the Judgments of those he writes for, rather than to *lead* them into Discoveries, in such a Performance, he will meet with that kind of contemptuous Treatment, which those good-natured People receive, who are ready to give their unasked Advice in the common Concerns of Life upon every Occasion. It is highly necessary therefore, in such kind of Writings, to *sacrifice liberally to the GRACES*, without whose Inspiration

spiration Learning will there degenerate into Pedantry, and the Precepts even of Wisdom pass unrelished. An Author of a didactic Piece cannot be too circumspect, not only in the pleasing Manner of addressing his Reader, but in the inferior Parts too of Composition, that the Choice of his Words, and the Arrangement of his Periods, may adorn, and not degrade the Delicacy of his Subject. For want of this Refinement we have many lamentable Instances of able Scholars having succeeded very ill in Works, where they have betrayed the greatest want of Taste and Genius, whilst they were unfortunately laborious in endeavouring to point out those Excellencies in others. I need go no farther for a Proof of this than Mr. ANTHONY BLACKWALL's \* *Introduction to the Classics*. This Man was what is generally called a good Scholar, that is, he was grammatically Master of the two dead Languages *Greek* and *Latin*, and had read over all the ancient Authors in both ; but not having by Nature or Acquisition that

\* He was a Schoolmaster at *Derby*. His Book was published in 1718.

happy Taste of distinguishing Beauties, nor a Digestion (if I may so say) to assimilate the Sense of others into his own Understanding, his Conceptions were as crude as his Address and Stile were unpleasing. I remember the good old School-master, for such he was, in one place informs us, speaking of HERODOTUS and LIVY, that “ these two Princes of *Greek* “ and *Roman* History, *tell a Story*, and “ *make up* a Description with inexpressible “ Grace; and so delicately *mix great* and “ *little* Circumstances, that there is both “ the utmost Dignity and Pleasure in “ it\*.” I leave you to animadvert on the Grossness of these Metaphors, and pass on to a Specimen both of wretched Writing, and undistinguishing Taste. Having spoke much about the Insufficiency of modern Translators, to give us the Sense of ancient Authors, he goes on thus: “ Besides the “ weakening of the Sense (tho’ that be “ far the most important Consideration) “ *Greek* and *Latin* have such a noble “ *Harmony of Sound*, such Force and Dignity of Numbers, and such Delicacy of

\* Introd. to the Class. p. 26.

“ turn

“ turn in the Periods, that cannot entirely  
 “ be preserved in any Language in the  
 “ World. The *two Languages are so*  
 “ *peculiarly susceptible* of all the Graces  
 “ of Wit and Elocution, that they are  
 “ read with more Pleasure and lively  
 “ Gust, and consequently with more  
 “ Advantage, than the most perfect Tran-  
 “ slation the ablest Genius can compose,  
 “ or the strongest modern Language can  
 “ bear\*.” Now besides the aukward  
 Diction, and unharmonious Close of the  
 Period, (two Faults he reasonably might  
 be expected to avoid, when the justly ad-  
 mired Ancients were so strongly in his  
 Mind) he has huddled together his undis-  
 tinguished Commendations of the *Greek*  
 and *Latin*, and so unjustly given the Pre-  
 ference of the latter to our own copious  
 Language, with that trite profound air of  
 ridiculous Erudition, as must unavoidably  
 have those Effects upon his different Read-  
 ers, which Mr. POPE describes in his in-  
 comparable *Essay on Criticism*,

“ Such labour’d nothings in so grave a Stile,  
 “ Amaze th’ unlearn’d, and make the learned smile.”

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\* Ibid. p. 57.

But let the Peace of Dulness brood over such Lumber, and let us turn our Eyes to a more delightful Object, the Revival of the true Spirit of ancient Criticism in the Works of some illustrious modern Geniuses, who tread in the Steps of their ador'd Masters as far as they went, and then penetrate deeper into the Laurel Grove of Science than any of their Predecessors ever ventured. The first I shall mention is the great Author \* of *Reflexions Critiques sur la Peinture et la Poésie*; a Work, which, in the Hands of an ordinary Writer, would have been an unentertaining String of dry Reflections upon those Arts only, but under the Magic of his masterly Pen, comprehends the most judicious Observations upon every Idea of the human Mind, in each simple and complicated Appearance. The next is the ingenious Author of the *Enquiry into the Life and Writings of HOMER* †, in which he has clearly demonstrated by irrefragable Reasons, drawn from a Conjunction of moral and natural

\* Monsr. l'Abbé du Bos.

† Mr. BL. ——— a Scotch Gentleman, who labours under the misfortune to have a similar Name to the Schoolmaster above-cited.

Causés,

Causes, that such a Poet never could arise since him in the space of two thousand seven hundred Years, for want of that happy Concurrence of Circumstances, without which even this immortal Genius himself might have been in an inferior Rank of the Muses Train. The latest that has improved our Taste and enriched our Language, is the elegant Writer \* of those *instructive Notes*, and entertaining *Commentary on HORACE's* two critical Epistles, the one to the PISOS, commonly called the *Art of Poetry*, the other to AUGUSTUS; to the latter of which is subjoined a *Discourse on Poetical Imitation*, wherein he has nobly defended the Cause of congenial Fancies in all Ages, against the ill-grounded Clamor of popular Ignorance and Envy, with the deep Spirit of Philosophy, and the warm Zeal of a Lover. — We find in the Works of these great Men, a pleasing Power of rendering every Subject interesting to the human Heart, by bringing home to our Breasts Objects seemingly the most remote, and uniting a Train of captivating

\* Mr. H—— of Emanuel College, Cambridge.

Circumstances, arising naturally out of their Plans, which animates all their Writings, not unlike the amiable Group of Figures in one of Poussin's Landscapes, which gives a silent Lesson of Morality unawares to the Beholder, who no more than the Shepherds in the Picture \*, imagined to find, in that *Arcadian* Scene, any thing but shady Groves, clear Foun-

\* The Picture here hinted at is described by the ingenious ABBÉ DU BOS above-mentioned, which I will give the Reader in his own Words. After having observed that it was a Landscape in ancient ARCADIA, he continues ; “ Le tableau dont je parle représente le paysage  
 “ d'une contrée riante. Au milieu l'on voit le monument  
 “ d'une jeune fille morte a la fleur de son age : c'est ce  
 “ qu'on connoit par la Statue de cette fille couchée sur  
 “ le tombeau a la maniere des anciens. L'inscription  
 “ Sepulchrale n'est que quatre mots latins : Je vivois ce-  
 “ pendant in Arcadie, et in Arcadia ego. Mais cette in-  
 “ scription si courte fait faire les plus serieuses reflexions  
 “ a deux jeunes garçons et a deux jeunes filles parées de  
 “ guirlandes de fleurs, et qui paroissent avoir rencontré  
 “ ce monument si triste en des lieux où l'on devine bien  
 “ qu'ils ne cherchoient pas un objet affligeant. Un  
 “ d'entre eux fait remarquer aux autres cette inscription  
 “ en la montrant du doigt, et l'on ne voit plus sur leur vi-  
 “ sage, a travers l'affliction qui s'en empare, que les  
 “ restes d'une joye expirante. On s'imagine entendre les  
 “ reflexions de ces jeunes personnes sur la morte qui n'e-  
 “ pargne in l'age ni la beauté, et contre laquelle les  
 “ plus heureux climats n'ont point d'azile. On se fi-  
 “ gure ce qu'elles vont se dire de touchant lorsqu'elles  
 “ seront revenues de la premiere surprise, et l'on l'ap-  
 “ plique à soi-même et a ceux pour qui l'on s'intéresse.”

Refl. Crit. Sect. VI.

tains



tains, verdant Meadows, and other common Assemblages of a rural Prospect.—I am much obliged to you for your ingenious Observations upon that ancient Sepulchral Inscription I lately sent you ; nor would I have you ashamed if hereafter it should prove the ingenious Imitation of some Modern ; for you know the great SCALIGER himself was imposed upon in this manner by MURET, which was acknowledged by all the Learned to be a greater Proof of the Abilities of the latter, than of the want of any critical Acumen in the former. I shall expect to meet you at the Grand Emporium very soon, therefore shall add no more than that I am

*Your, &c. &c.*

L E T-

## L E T T E R    X X.

T O   E U P H E M I U S.

**J**OY to the World, EUPHEMIUS, that a fresh Spring of almost inexhaustible Pleasure is opened, now a mythological Key is given to the Wisdom of the Ancients. But I little thought, when I sent you the ingenious Professor's Book \*, that I should embarrass myself in a cruel Alternative, either of denying a Request of your's on one hand, or of exposing my want of Abilities to you in attempting to comply with it on the other. The Reason you assign for desiring me to draw out a *Mythological Genealogy* of TASTE, in the manner of

\* *Letters concerning Mythology* (written by the Author of the *Enquiry into the Life and Writings of HOMER*) to which Work, in comparison of the other, we may apply those Words of TULLY, Non est enim, ut in arce poni possit, quasi illa Minerva Phidiæ: sed tamen, ut ex eadem officinâ exisse appareat.

Introduct. ad Parad.

the

the Ancients, would hold good that I should turn the Tables upon you, and leave the Task in far abler Hands: for the ingenious Observations you made, whilst we were reading over together the four first Books of DIODORUS SICULUS, convince me I should spend my Time more usefully in reading an entertaining Fable of yours on this Subject, than in attempting to compose one myself. But as the Friendship subsisting betwixt us demands that I should run the hazard of giving you a disadvantageous Opinion of my Capacity, rather than of my Inclination to satisfy your Desire, I will endeavour to recall some Idea of that Philosophical Spirit which discovers itself in all your Reflections upon the Compositions of the Ancients, and entertain you, as Dependents upon great Men do their Patrons, with a Banquet of your own providing.

In a Cave of a Mountain in the Island of CRETE dwelt a Nymph called CONTEMPLATION, sprung, as the *Mythologists* report, from JUPITER, the greatest of the  
 Gods,

Gods; for, according to their Accounts, she was conceived and leapt forth from the Brain of her Cœlestial Parent, as PALLAS did, whilst he was deeply attentive in beholding the Beauties of the Creation. In this sacred Retirement the Nymph had lived many Ages, whither several ancient Poets, Heroes, Philosophers, and Legislators frequently resorted, for no one ever left her without receiving the utmost Happiness from her divine Precepts. As APOLLO was wandering one Day over the Top of this Mountain, he chanced to light upon this heavenly Maid, whilst she was busied in her usual Employment of meditating on this stupendous System, and the divine Perfections of the great Creator of the World. Smit with her Charms, he immediately descended into the Cave, and having enjoyed her, she bore him a Son, whom the God named EUDOXUS, alluding to the noble Ideas which filled the Mother's Mind when he first beheld her. 'Tis said, as the Nymph CONTEMPLATION was one Night counting the Stars, and  
4 describing

describing on the Sand with a Wand their different Situations and Motions, having left the Child not far off on a Bed of Violets, that the Nightingale came and covered him with Laurel Leaves, and lulled him to Sleep with the Melody of her Song, softly modulated to the tender Ear of the list'ning Infant. About this Time the DELPHIAN ORACLE declared that a Ray of Light was descended from the SUN, and being discerped from that mighty Luminary should be spread all over *Greece*, *Italy*, and Part of *Asia-Minor* for many Ages. When EUDOXUS had passed the Years of Childhood, APOLLO being desirous not only to instruct him in the abstruser Knowledge of his Mother, but to unite in his Education a thorough Relish of such other Arts and Sciences, as might render him a Benefactor to Mankind in general, and his favourite Nation the *Greeks* in particular, he took the Boy to his own beloved Seat of Retirement, and committed his Darling Charge to the Care of the NINE MUSES, and their Sisters the Heavenly GRACES.

K

Here

Here EUDOXUS was instructed, first how the Great ARCHITECT of the Creation divided the warring Elements, and out of CHAOS formed by his Plastic Mandate the unmeasurable Frame of this stupendous Universe. Next, how the refulgent Source of Light and Heat, the Sun, sprung thro' the blue Serene of Heaven, and being fixed immoveable in the Center of all, drew round his glorious Orb those inferior Globes, whose certain and unerring Courses, in unchangeable Periods of Time, form that ætherial Harmony imperceptible to all Beings but the Inhabitants of Heaven. Then he was told how the oblique Position of this our Earth in its annual Progress caused the Delightful Revolutions of Seasons; how the soft descending Rains and genial Warmth of Spring, opened the relenting Earth, called forth the infant Buds, and afterwards unfolded all the vegetable Pride of Flowers and Blossoms; how the more perpendicular Rays of Heat ripened the rising Harvest in Summer; how Autumn gloried in the regal Hue of it's purple Vintage;

Vintage; and lastly, how the sterile Winter itself was as useful to Mortals as the other teeming Seasons, by affording in its cold Embraces the requisite Rest to the sleeping Vegetables, which thereby gain fresh Vigour to renew their Species, and to perpetuate Sustenance to all Animals, in the same Rotation, till Time shall be no more. From this general Knowledge of Nature, he was led to enquire into the Construction of particular Parts, the Bodies of Animals, and especially those of the human Race; to discover the Causes of Pain and Disease, and by what Methods to restore them to their pristine Beauty and internal Harmony called Health, and to recall the natural original Sensations of Ease and Pleasure. When the DAUGHTERS of MEMORY had fully instructed EUDOXUS, as APOLLO had directed them, in every Branch of this Knowledge, they brought him by degrees to conceive that an æthereal Spirit was for a while united with the human Body; how it was agitated by different Passions whilst in this Conjunction;

tion ; and then after Solution, the Body should return to its kindred Dust, out of which it was formed, and the Soul to a separate State of Happiness or Misery, according as it acted in this probationary State on Earth. Having taken this View of Man in the abstract with all his Wants and Infirmities, the Muses, last of all, gave their Disciple a thorough Insight into the human Race in Society, where, by the Goodness of the first Author of all Things, these very Deficiencies of Individuals united the whole Species, and the mutual Supply of each others Wants linked all Degrees into one irrefragable Chain together, each different Part of which reciprocally depended upon the other, from the Beginning to the End. They taught him too, by way of Amusement, the Use and Power of Music, Painting, and Poetry, the first of which could assuage mental Agony ; the second revive past Pleasures in beholding beautiful Objects ; and the third inspire by a true Love of Virtue, by perpetuating the rever'd Memory of those who had been Ornaments to our Species.

EUDOXUS,



EUDOXUS, being at length quite accomplished in every Art and Science, became enamoured of one of the GRACES, who returned his Passion with mutual Ardor. One Day they took an Opportunity, whilst the other two were busied in sporting with FLORA and her train of ZEPHYRS, to gratify their Desires in a Cave of Mount IDA. The Offspring of their Embraces was a Daughter, whom the fond Parents named CALOCAGATHIA. This Nymph, who inherited all the Knowledge of her Father, and all the *Charms* of her Mother, became, as she grew up, the chief Favourite both of Gods and Men. In the cœlestial Banquets she always sat next to VENUS, and on Earth had the Honour attributed to her of inspiring whatever was uncommonly beautiful in Morals, Arts, and Sciences.

In this manner, my dear EUPHEMIUS, the ancient Mythologists would have drawn the Genealogy of TASTE, making her the Daughter of one of the GRACES, begot by KNOWLEDGE, who was the Son of CONTEMPLATION. the Truth of this

figurative Representation you may easily prove by comparing it with the History of your own Mind, where you can trace the Goddess from her Birth, to the full Charms of her ripest Age. Adieu, my Friend, and may she still attend you thro' Life in every Pursuit, whether in Arts, Sciences, Morals, or Religion. I am

*Your, &c. &c.*

The End of the LETTERS.

# ESSAYS

ON

SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

ESTABLISHED

ESSAYS

ON

SEVERAL SUBJECTS

1787

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# ESSAYS

ON

## SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

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### ESSAY I.

#### On EDUCATION.

**L**IFE, as CEBES \* paints it, is a large Mansion, and Infancy the Entrance into it, where ten thousand *Fancies* and *Opinions* of different kinds are continually waiting to allure every new Comer to their respective Apartments: 'tis the Duty therefore of Parents, like the good Genius he describes, to inform them which of

\* In the mythological Picture.

these

these are invested with true, and which with fallacious Appearances. — But there is a Defect too often in the manner used to attain this desirable End; for Austerity and Rigour are indiscriminately exerted toward the Good and the Bad, the Generous and the Froward; so that very frequently the Punishments which are intended to drive them by Force from Vice, give them a Disgust to Virtue, which, properly recommended, has Charms sufficient, when known, to attract the Mind without any *secondary* Motive.

In that polite Age, when *Greece* was in all her Glory, there lived at *Athens* a noble Citizen named DEMOCRITUS; whom Affluence of Fortune, Generosity of Temper, and Extent of Knowledge, made the Delight of the Poor, an Example to the Rich, a Benefactor to the Distressed, and an Ornament to his Country. But amidst all the Blessings Power and Virtue could bestow, he was suddenly rendered the most miserable of Men, by the Death of his Wife ASPASIA, who dying in Childbed, left him the Consolation alone of being Father to an Infant which

which was a living Image of its deceased Mother. It was a long time before his Philosophy could get the better of his immoderate Grief; but his Passion being allayed by Degrees, he resumed the Man, and submitted again to the Dictates of Reason. His Thoughts now wholly turned on the Education of his Son EUPHEMION (for so he called the Boy) whose very dawn of Infancy promised the greatest Splendor; but considering that the Vivacity of his Temper would greatly expose him to the Seductions of the World, he would often, as the Child sat playing on his Lap, mix an anxious Tear with the Smiles of paternal Pleasure. When EUPHEMION was past his Childhood, the prudent DEMOCRITUS thought of an Expedient to make Pleasure the Passage to Virtue, as Virtue was the only one to *real* Pleasure; for knowing, from his own past Conduct, the Propensity of Youth to Voluptuousness, he made *that* the Enforcement of his Precepts, which generally is the Bane to all Morality. As they were walking together in a Gallery of Pictures, Behold, my Son, says the Father, (observing

serving his Inclination to Women) that Representation of perfect Beauty embracing with no small Exstasy a young Man that kneels before her. Methinks, cries *Euphemion*, interrupting him, I can read in the Painting the greatest Transport of Soul; and sure he has sufficient Reason to appear so enraptured, when the Master-piece of Heaven is in his Possession. You speak, continues *Democritus*, as if you envied his Situation, and with too much Warmth and Enthusiasm, of Objects that are so easily to be obtained. To be obtained! replied *Euphemion*; by what Means, and by whom? If it is in my Power, O tell me the Way, for it will make your Son the happiest of Mortals. Alas! said the Father, sighing, I'm afraid the Impatience of your Temper will never suffer you to undergo the Self-denial and Delay that is requisite before you can arrive at such a height of Felicity. The Boy still urging his Request with more Vehemence than ever, *Democritus* began in the following Manner. Since you press me so earnestly to instruct you in a Mystery that if observed will procure you an Original equal  
to



to that Representation, you must be very cautious, when once you are initiated, not to deviate in the least from the divine Institution, nor to divulge the Secret; for the Delinquent, in such Cases, is always punished with Death, by the Deity to whom the Temple of those Rites are dedicated. The Story then, which never is told to any but those who are resolved to follow the great Example, is this. The young Man you see there was a Native of *Cyprus*, who, being extremely addicted to Women, fell desperately in Love with an ideal Beauty, the Offspring of his own Imagination. As he was sitting one Day by the side of a Fountain, sighing for the visionary Object of his Desires, he fell asleep, and dreamt that *DIANA* descended to him from a Cloud, and promised him the actual Enjoyment of his Wishes, provided he retired immediately to *Ephesus*, and during the Space of four Years lived in Chastity, and applied himself to the Cultivation of his Mind, according to the Precepts of Philosophy. The Vision seemed so strong to the young Lover, that he complied with the celestial

Admo-

Admonition, and banishing from his Thoughts, as soon as possible, all voluptuous Desires, he repaired to the Place where the Goddess commanded him to go. At the End of four Years, when he had faithfully compleated the probationary State, he was transported back again in his Sleep to the Fountain where he first saw the Deity, and awakening suddenly, found, to his no small Surprise, that beautiful Virgin, the Reward of his Labours, embracing him in the Manner described by the Artist. This, my Son, afterwards became a religious Mystery, and is (since you are acquainted with the Rise of it) the Test which you must now inevitably undergo. Divest yourself therefore for a while of all the Affections which you have hitherto contracted, and vie with the resolute *Cyprian*, that you may participate his Bliss. EUPHEMION, who was all this Time attentive to what his Father said, could not help expressing some Concern at so severe an Injunction; however, recollecting that he was only to curb his Passion for the present, in order to give a greater Loose to it hereafter, he  
resolved

resolved from that Hour to begin the Trial. Accordingly, at the Age of fifteen he retired from all Objects that might in the least tend to divert his Mind from Philosophy. The first Year was spent in continual Struggles between Passion and Reason ; the second made his solitary Life somewhat more agreeable ; the third afforded real Pleasure in the Pursuit, exclusive of the Object pursued ; and the fourth compleated the happy Delusion, to render him, by habitual Study, entirely Master of himself. At the Expiration of the Term, he seemed very little solicitous about the Original Inducement ; but recollecting some Circumstances of the promised *Fair*, he enquired of his Father one Day, in a ludicrous Manner, when he should possess the Nymph in reward of his Labours. To which DEMOCRITUS replied : My Son, the Account I gave you of the *Cyprian*, as you seem already to understand, was entirely fabulous ; the whole Picture is an ingenious Allegory. I used this Device to lead you imperceptibly into the Path of true Pleasure, and to make your Life an Explanation of those

two

two Figures. The one is supposed to be *Happiness*, the Daughter of *Virtue* and *Moderation*; the other the Emblem of human Life courting her Embrace, whom she never fails to caress with mutual Affection, when conducted by her celestial Parents. You expected only a fugitive Pleasure, as the Recompence of your Perseverance, but are now in Possession of a permanent one, that will attend you through Life with unchangeable Fidelity.

## E S S A Y II.

## On the POWER of HABIT.

*Ægro in corde senescit.* JUV.

**A**MONG the many ingenious Essays, that have been written upon Education, it has often surpris'd me, not to find a greater Stress laid upon the Danger of contracting ill Habits, which, once acquired, survive the Passions which originally created them, and even govern Reason herself, after those rebellious Subjects have been brought to Obedience. Some modern Authors, who have very justly gained an immortal Reputation by their other Writings, have either totally neglected this important Point, or slightly discuss'd it, as a thing little necessary, and substituted Physical Prescriptions for the Management of the Body, instead of Moral Precepts for the Improvement of the Mind. But even among others, who have more judiciously treated this Subject, and have attended solely to the Cultiva-

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tion of the Understanding, too little Care has been had to the early Management of the Heart, and especially to inspire it with a necessary Caution against the Enchantments of Habit. I dare say, there is no one but sees, even in the small Circle of his Acquaintance, either the ridiculous or mischievous Effects of it; which, tho' perhaps casually contracted, yet nourished by Time, first gains by Degrees a Familiarity with the Breast, and at length uncontrollably usurps a despotick Power over Head and Heart. In Children, therefore, whose Minds, like Wax, are subject to the slightest Impressions, every Action should carefully be observed, and, if frequently repeated (as the Repetition of an Action is the tacit Approbation of it) it is the principal Duty of a Parent to find out the Source, and encourage, or restrain the Inclination, as it agrees with, or deviates from, Virtue.

Antiquity affords two most beautiful Representations of the Nature of Virtue and vicious Pleasure, and of all the mental Attendants on both. The one is PRODICUS's Fable of the Choice of HERCULES, told

told by SOCRATES in the *Memorabilia* of XENOPHON: The other a Description of a mythological Picture, in the Temple of SATURN, invented by CEBES, the *Theban*, the Disciple of SOCRATES. The former paints VIRTUE and PLEASURE in their proper Colours, the latter informs us how we are often deceived by their fallacious Appearances; and by personalizing the Affections of the Mind, brings the whole Court, as it were, of both, before our Eyes, and then instructs us how to shun the Delusions of the one, and follow the Society of the other to the Seat of Happiness. Upon these two Plans I have formed a third, on the irresistible Force of Habit; which I look upon as a proper Supplement to both. If it gives either Delight or Instruction to the Reader, his Praise is due to PRODICUS, to whom I am indebted, tho' not for the Invention, yet totally for the allegorical Design of the Fable. I call, therefore, on him, as LUCRETIVS did heretofore on his Master EPICURUS.

Te sequor, o Graiæ gentis decus, inque tuis nunc  
Fixa pedum pono pressis vestigia signis,

Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter amorem,  
Quod te imitari aveau.

HIEROPHILUS, an ancient King of *Egypt*, in whose Reign hieroglyphical Learning arrived at its utmost Perfection, thro' which the Youth of the Kingdom were instructed in the Mysteries of their Religion, and the social Duties of Morality, had a Son, named EUETHES, a Prince naturally of the most humane and benevolent Disposition; but being indued at the same time with such violent Passions, as generally accompany great Minds, he was often in his Infancy, ere Reason had assumed her Empire, precipitated by them into an habitual Fondness for those things, that would have proved destructive to his Happiness, and a like Disrelish for Others, that were most conducive to it. This unhappy Temper, no doubt, gave great Uneasiness to his tender Father, who was not only adored by his Subjects for an impartial Distribution of Justice, and courted by neighbouring Potentates for his profound Skill in Politics as a Monarch, but admired by all the World for his pure Knowledge of Religion



Religion and Morality, and the exemplary Lesson he afforded, in his own spotless Life, of both, as a Man. The good old King, therefore, fought, by all Methods, to reclaim the Impetuosity of his Son, before the casual turn of HABIT should have rooted the Weed of Vice too deeply into so rich a Soil ever after to be eradicated by Wisdom. It was his daily Employment to give the Child the most pleasing Ideas of Virtue, under the entertaining Forms of probable Fiction; for unadorned Precepts have been found to avail little, not only with Children, but even with Men, those Children of a larger Growth; when by the pious Fraud of a well-told Fable they have been imperceptibly deceived into Virtue. However EUETHES, tho' he would frequently listen, and improve too by the Doctrines of his Father, did as often, thro' his easy Nature, lapse again into dangerous Follies; then what he once fixed his Inclination upon, the Violence of his Passions urged him on to pursue with the most unremitted Resolution, and Habit still confirmed the Desire. Nevertheless, his good Sense

would many times condemn his Proceedings in the cool Hours of Reflection, and again be treated like a faithful Servant, heard, approved of at first, and then discarded afterwards, when the Treachery of false Friends had got the Ascendant. Such was the Conduct of this young *Egyptian*, till he was sixteen Years old; at which age, according to the Custom of the Country, the young Men were initiated, at the Temple of MEMPHIS, into the holy Mysteries. When the Day came that was appointed for that annual Ceremony, HIEROPHILUS, who was grand Mystagogue as well as King, (for of old the Offices of King and Priest were united) had contrived a particular Apartment in the subterraneous Passages of the Temple, in which, after he had shewn his Son the usual Institutions, and taught him the sacred Stories, he proposed to instruct him in the more interesting History of the human Heart. Accordingly EUTHEES, at the Time appointed, was led into this Apartment, attended only by his Father, who had been all the Day near him, to explain the different Forms that presented

ed themselves before him. As soon as they were seated, and the Glimmering of a Lamp had broke thro' the Darknefs that before furrounded them, and thrown a partial Light upon a large Passage, thro' which the Performers of the Show were to pass, there appeared a Youth furrounded by a Crowd of different Figures, that all seemed assiduous to take him under their Protection. This motley Group was led up in two separate Parties, by two Leaders of female Forms, who looked upon each other with the Air of inveterate Rivalship. The one had a loose, smiling Aspect, fantastically dressed, and adorned all over with Wreaths of Flowers. Her Train was composed of Boys with Bows in their Hands, and Wings on their Shoulders, and a confused Crowd of Men and Women of various Complexions, some crowned with Ivy and Vine Leaves, and others Dancing round them with all the rapturous Signs of the most intoxicating Joy. The other female Chieftain had the most serious Deportment, with all the Marks of Royalty in her Countenance; she was cloathed in a plain but elegant

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Robe,

Robe, which flowed gracefully behind her. The Attendants imitated her Behaviour, and watched her Eye with the most dutiful Observance, upon all occasions. Some had Crowns of Gold upon their Heads; some Helmets, with Lances in their Hands; some bore the Instruments of Arts and Sciences, as Quadrants, Globes, Pencils, Harps, &c. some carried the sacred Table of the Laws, and others seemed engaged in conjugal Love, Friendship, and other tender Duties of a more retired, private Life. Behind them all there came two Men, who seemed, by their likeness, in many respects, to be Brothers, but in others the most irreconcilable Enemies; the Employment of both was to keep together the particular Company each belonged to, and to prevent any of that Society from mixing with the other. They had very venerable Aspects, and the Influence they possessed, not only over the Crowd, but sometimes over the Leaders themselves, was greatly remarkable. Each had in his Hand a Chain, with which he compelled, if by chance occasion required it, the Rebellious to return,

turn, and confined them to their Allegiance; the one was Iron, which not a little tortured and gauled the Wearers; the other Silk, with which the Delinquents were gently brought back again, and resigned over to the more cogent Bonds of their own Reason. 'Twas observable, however, that few or none ever escaped the Power of these assiduous Guardians, who at first allured them into their Service with the Caresses of a Parent; and though the one still continued such Behaviour, the other intimidated them from flying from the Slavery with the Menaces of a Tyrant. The Youth, amidst the Sollicitations of both Parties, seemed awhile suspended. The female Leader of one Side pointed to a Temple, painted on the Wall, on the Summit of a high and rough Mountain, the ascent to which was difficult, but the Top once attained, the Situation commanded all the Regions round about, and afforded the Spectator the most delightful Prospect. The other Female endeavoured to divert his Attention from that toilsome Pursuit, and directed his Eyes to another Temple that lay

lay in a most delicious Valley, the Inhabitants and Votaries of which passed their Time in the most pleasurable Indolence and heart-enfeebling Recreations. At length the latter prevailed, and with no small Air of Triumph delivered the Youth over to the Guardian of her Attendants, who immediately took him into his Custody. As soon as this Contest was over, there entered another Youth of a more reserved Aspect, and less sanguine Complexion, than the former. At his Entrance the two Crowds swarmed round him, as they had done by the other, and after the same warm Contention the other Party prevailed in its turn, and delivered him over to the more parental Tuition of their respective Guardian. After this mutual Success the whole Group disappeared, and led off their new Votaries. The Partition, like a Theatrical Scene, then opened, and discovered behind an illuminated Grove. Each Party entered afresh from different Sides of the Plain, and took their allotted Station. The first Youth, who had entered into the Service of that frantick Mob, seemed highly delighted

lighted with his Company, and expressed his Joy in irregular Sallies of unnatural Laughter, and other Demonstrations of Rapture and Exstasy. The other, with a most studious Attention to the Instruction of his Companions, decently denoted the calm Satisfaction of his Mind in a silent Admiration of their Precepts. Whilst both were differently employed, a beautiful Woman, arrayed in White, descended from above, and waving a golden Wand, the whole Scene was instantly changed. The left side of the Grove, which was possessed by those noisy Votaries of airy Joy, withered away into the most wintry, melancholy Prospect; instead of Looks of Gaiety, and the Sound of Rejoicing, nought appeared but Visages of Despair, and nought was heard but the Lamentations of Anguish. The betrayed Youth, the former Votary of these Plains, affrighted at this sudden and horrid Alteration, was immediately preparing to make his Escape, when the Guardian, as before described, attended by a Train of the most death-like Figures, bound him down with his Iron Chain, for ever to be  
tormented

tormented at the Foot of the Seat of his delusive, destructive, Goddesses. On the other hand, the opposite Groves bloomed afresh with vernal Verdure, Content and Happiness appeared in the Faces of all, and the prudent Youth, who had made so good a Choice, with filial Reverence and Pleasure walked by the Side of his faithful Guardian, and gratefully paid a willing Obedience at the Throne of his beneficent Goddesses. As soon as this Representation was over, EUETHES, with the liveliest Emotion, asked his Father the Explanation of the whole Mystery; but before the good old King could make him an Answer to his first Question, he added, with Tears in his Eyes, must that unfortunate Youth be doomed to Misery for ever? Alas! for ever, replied HIEROPHILUS; but if, my Son, you'll be attentive to the Account, and suspend your fruitless Grief to the Conclusion, it will, perhaps, fully repay your Trouble, and teach you the true Road to Happiness, by detecting the Errors of others. This then is an Explanation of the fictitious

Scene



Scene before you. The large Passage you first saw, represents LIFE; the first Youth a Soul just entering into it, prone to libidinous Thoughts; the second, another inclined to virtuous Pursuits. The two Females, attended and habited differently, were VIRTUE and PLEASURE; and the two Men of fraternal Likeness, who compelled the Attendants of both to keep their Allegiance to their respective Mistresses, were GOOD-HABIT and ILL-HABIT, who (according to the allegorical Genealogy of our EGYPTIAN Forefathers) were the Offspring of *Chance*, begot upon COMPLEXION, and carefully fostered by *Time* in the Cave of CONSTANCY. The beautiful Woman arrayed in White was *Truth*, the Touch of whose Wand no Falshood can endure, but Returns of Force, however disguised, immediately to its own Likeness. You have seen the false, seducing Appearance of vicious Pleasure, and the melancholy Consequences of yielding to her Allurements; you have seen that her Followers, however for a while they may assume the deceitful Air

of Joy, are in the End nought but DISEASE and CALAMITY; and above all, I hope you have remarked, how impossible it is for a Wretch to extricate himself out of this miserable Society, when ILL-HABIT, their constant Attendant, has bound him down with that irrefragable Chain of Iron. The horrid Aspect of that Tyrant will, I hope, deter you as much from giving way to the Seductions of Vice, as the parental Fondness of GOOD-HABIT will induce you to become a Votary to Virtue. This, my Son, though embellished by Fiction, is a true History of the human Mind; so far was my Duty to inform, the rest is yours to execute. He was going on, when EUETHES eagerly interrupted him: O my Father, how shall I ever repay this fresh Instance of your paternal Love, and now successful Diligence to save me from that irremeable Gulph of Misery, in which my Passions had almost plunged me! Yes, certainly, 'tis my indispensable Duty, as well as Interest, to put in practice such sacred Lessons, of Morality; and the Pleasure of my future Life shall consist alone in becoming,

coming, as near as I am able, an Example of those Precepts you have often so divinely inculcated. The young Prince fully performed his Promise, and though the natural Violence of his Temper would sometimes at first a little sway him towards Pleasure, an *habitual* Perseverance in Virtue at length totally overcame his Passions, and he lived to verify, in his own Character, the Doctrine of HIEROPHILUS, that the Power of HABIT, either *good* or *ill*, triumphs over all Things.

E S S A Y III.

On GOOD and BEAUTY.

Σὺ δ' οἶεῖς ἄλλο μὲν ἀγαθόν, ἄλλο δὲ καλὸν εἶναι; ἐκ  
οἷ', ὅτι πρὸς ταῦτα πάντα ἡλά τε καὶ ἀγαθα εἰσι;  
Xen. Men.

**T**HERE is no Study so improving  
and entertaining to the Human  
Mind, as an Enquiry into the final Cause  
of all rational Pleasure; to trace to its  
Source the Reason why Matter acts in  
such various Ways thro' the Inlets of the  
*Senses* upon the *Understanding*, and affords  
such infinite Delight to the intermediate  
Powers of *Imagination*. By reasoning  
thus from the Effect to the Efficient, we  
naturally become acquainted with the  
Conceptions of the great AUTHOR of all  
Things; we transfer as it were the Ex-  
cellence of his Works into our Manners,  
and grow imperceptibly Good and Virtu-  
ous (which is moral Comeliness) by be-  
ing

ing familiarized to the Beauty of external Objects. *Nature*, the Substitute of Heaven, agreeable to the divine Attributes, has calculated all Things for universal Convenience; every Being that obeys *her* Dictates partakes of the general Good, and the Deviation alone from them constitutes particular Evil; so that Vice in Morals is destructive to Pleasure, and Disorder in Matter cancels Beauty. *Nature* therefore, in the Enquiry concerning *Good* and *Beauty*, which I shall prove to be the same, must be the Criterion to go by. Enter into the Schools of the Painters and Sculptors, ask upon what Rules their Skill is founded, and what declares the Perfection of their Performances? The Artists will tell you, that such a Statue or Picture has no intrinsic Beauty in itself, but is relative to another Object, the Similitude to which is made the *Venus* of the *Art*; the Thing therefore represented regulates our Esteem. Whence then does *that* derive this primary Excellence? From itself without any Reference to remoter Beings? No, certainly. Every Object round has a

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Share,

Share, and *it* is more or less *Good* and *Beautiful*, as it corresponds to them, and they to others to Infinity. Whatever then is proportionable and harmonious, is good; every thing that is so, is *natural*; we judge of *Beauty* by *Nature*, consequently *Good* and *Beauty* are the same. Thus we form our Opinion of an Image. Every Limb and Feature ought to agree with the whole in Size, Age, Sex, &c. and this is called *Symmetry*; this *Symmetry* is most perfect when made for the Use and Strength of the Species, and that Use produces Beauty. It is the same not only thro' all the Arts and the original Objects of Nature, but may be perceived too in Characters, and Manners; for what is Virtue but Moral Proportion, and the just Performance of the Part in Society assigned you to act without Diminution or Addition? Every one who forms his Life upon this Plan, may truly be said, without straining Language, to live *beautifully*. It now remains to be enquired, tho' *Good* and *Beauty* are the same, why

why they affect the Mind with Pleasure, and from whence arises that Disgust at Evil and Deformity ; for there is in both Cases an instantaneous Effect exclusive of Reflection. There is in Human Nature a Power independent of the rest, called the *Internal Sense*, all perfect and harmonious, which, as it proceeds from the Fountain of Good, remains for ever pure and untainted. *External Beauty*, being the infallible and inseparable Companion of *Good*, bears a fraternal Likeness to that mental Comeliness or Order ; and as a Note on one Lute being touched, the Unison of another tho' unmoved will answer to it, so the similar Perfection within is responsive to that outward Proportion ; and Disgust in like Manner is created by an analogous Discord that *Evil* and *Deformity* bear to the virtuous and beautiful Propensity of the Soul. I doubt not but it will be objected, that there are many who deviate from this Rule in their Actions, to whom Vice in Morals, and monstrous Appearances in Nature, seem

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delightful. But let us consider, that this proceeds from the Deception of *Fancy*; the *Internal Sense* always judges right according as Things are represented; and it would be as just to blame the *natural Eye*, when (as we read in fabulous Accounts) it mistakes a Desert for a Paradise, converted by a Magician, as to think the *intellectual* one deficient, when deceived by *that Sorceress*; for by *her Wand* the *Monstrous* is changed into the *Wonderful* and *New*, and *Vice* becomes *Ease*, *Pleasure*, and *Power*. I shall have recourse to the following Fable more fully to illustrate these Truths.

As the *Human Soul* was just entered into that State we call *Life*, and was wandering in search of *Happiness*, two Females appeared of different Forms. The One was called *Evil* or *Deformity*, the Daughter of *CHAOS*, the Offspring of the *Furies*; the other *Good* or *Beauty*, the Daughter of *Nature*, the Offspring of the *Gods*. The Former, to conceal the Ugliness of her Person, had borrowed all  
the



the Ornaments PLUTUS could bestow, and was assisted by a delusive Glass that *Fancy* held before her. The Latter wore the Garments of *Simplicity*, and was supported by *Truth*. As soon as the First saw the young Stranger, she ran and addressed him in the following Manner :

“ How fortunate, O Youth, are you to  
 “ meet me, who am come to conduct  
 “ you to the Palace of *Happiness* ! In  
 “ yonder Plain, where all the Riches of  
 “ the East are lavishly bestowed, the  
 “ Goddess resides ; she is constantly at-  
 “ tended by the *Loves* and *Graces*, and  
 “ their Mother, the fair VOLUPTA, offers  
 “ her downy Couch to the Votaries to  
 “ rest on, whilst BACCHUS presents his  
 “ Cup of Delight : *Power* stands at her  
 “ right Hand, and *Grandeur* at her Left,  
 “ and the Frowns of *Care*, and Wrin-  
 “ kles of *Industry*, are banished the joyful  
 “ Regions.” When she had done speak-  
 ing, the Youth turned his Eyes and be-  
 held a stately Building of an *Asiatic* Order ;  
 Satyrs, Mermaids, and Beasts of hetero-  
 geneous Kinds supported the Roof, and

all the Ornaments were such as never existed but in a wild Dream. But what attracted his Attention the most, was the inebriated Pleasure that appeared thro' the vast Concourse of People of all Sorts that attended the pretended Deity ; some expressed uncommon Transport in the Possession of a Sceptre, others shewed Signs of greater Rapture in the Arms of a beautiful Woman, and many yawned out a more indolent Satisfaction in a Posture of Repose. As he was beholding this Group of Figures, the other Female came up, and seeing him not a little pleased with his Prospect, " Behold, said she, I  
 " am the only Parent of Happiness ; let  
 " not the false Appearance of that Impos-  
 " ture delude you into Misery." Upon saying which, her Attendant *Truth* struck the Palace with her Wand, whose Touch no Falshood can bear, and immediately the stately Domes were turned into a frightful Ruin ; what before appeared the Residence of *Pleasure*, seemed then the Court of *Disease* ; the Laughs of Riot became the Groans of Anguish ; *Power*,  
 that

that looked so alluring and majestic, was sunk into *Tyranny*, with Scorpions in her Bosom that stung her to Distraction; all the rest underwent an equal Change, and appeared in their proper Shapes. The Youth immediately abashed and frightened, fled from this horrid Company, and sought for Safety in the Arms of his *Protectress*, who taking him by the Hand, and chearing him with her Smiles, resumed her Speech to him as follows: “ See,  
 “ said she, the Inchantress and her hellish  
 “ Crew are vanished, there is nothing  
 “ more to fear. I am the Guardian Genius of this Place, and never fail to  
 “ guide those who seek me, to the Temple of *true Happiness*. That Goddess  
 “ is not attended, as you lately imagined,  
 “ nor surrounded by Noise and Riot, but  
 “ sits enthroned in the silent Vale of Solitude, where *Peace* and *Contemplation*  
 “ administer unto her, and the lawrelled  
 “ Sisterhood of *Art* and *Science* celebrate  
 “ her Praise. There the lovely Family  
 “ of *Social Virtues* dwell, and their great  
 “ Parent *Charity*, perpetually exercises  
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“ them in their heavenly Duty; *Health*  
 “ and Order guard the Altar, and *Con-*  
 “ *tent* offers the Balm of Blifs to all the  
 “ *Votaries.*”

## E S S A Y IV.

## On SELF-LOVE. A FABLE.

WHEN I consider the natural Propensity of human Nature to Good, I am often greatly surprized how the Power of Education is able to subvert it; but it raises my Indignation, that Superstition and idle Legends can cast such a Film over the Intellectual Eye, at to render it in a great Measure incapable of extending it's View beyond the little circumscribed Limits of what belongs *merely* to *Man*. 'Tis this Counter-Knowledge, that makes us by Degrees become selfish and unsocial, by confining the Design and Benevolence of Providence to a part of the Universe, which in Comparison to the whole System, is no more than a single Grain of Sand to the Earth itself; for when once we have begun to exclude our Planet by Superiority from the rest, and to regard the other Luminaries as existing only to serve ours, we presently proceed to bring  
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the Thought nearer Home, by looking upon the Country we casually were born in, then the Family we come from, and at length, ourselves alone, as the principal Object of divine Care. This is the Bane of all Morality, and from this plentiful Source of Evils flow *Pride, Ill-Nature*, and that Parent of active Vices, *Uncharitableness*. Contrary Thoughts therefore must be productive of contrary Effects; and I dare say, every one who has experienced the Light of useful Learning and true Religion, will agree with me, that nothing tends more to better the Heart, as well as enlarge the Understanding, than to carry our Thoughts as far as we are able into Immensity, and to meditate on the Attributes of the Deity, from whom all *Wisdom proceeds*, and in whom it ends; which will necessarily lead us to consider the whole Solar System as no more than a single Atom in Subjection to the universal Plan of divine Government! What then is Man!—The *Arabians*, who convey all their Learning, their moral and religious Precepts, through Fables, relate the

the following Story, as an instructive Lesson on this Subject.

There lived in the Vale of *Koritz*, a Hermit named AKALLAH, who by the Power of a Talisman could convert any Animal whatsoever into another of a different Species. His Life being as pure, as his Knowledge was extensive, he presently became famous ever the whole East, and all the Youth of the adjacent Countries came to him for Instruction. Among the rest, the Son of the King of *Thebet* was placed by his Father under the Tuition of this celebrated Philosopher. MONOPHAZ, for that was the Name of the young Prince, was of a proud, selfish, and cruel Disposition; he looked upon the other Nations of the Earth, as tributary Vassals to his Power, and upon his Father's Subjects, as the abject Slaves of his Pleasure. KALAPHAS, the good old King, who tenderly loved his People as a Parent, would often lament within himself the terrible Prospect they had before them, when he anticipated the Calamities that were likely to ensue after his Death,

Death, under the Reign of his Successor ; however, that nothing should be wanting to contribute to their Welfare, or that of his Son, he took all the Methods possible to render the young Prince more humane and tractable ; but when nothing availed, he at last determined to send him as abovementioned, to the great Philosopher and Magician AKALLAH. Accordingly when MONOPHAZ was arrived at a little Village, where the Pupils of Distinction generally resided, he sent to command the Preceptor to come to him. AKALLAH, who both knew by his Art, and was previously informed of the Temper of his royal Disciple ; told the Messenger, that though his Birth and Fortune set a Distinction between the rest of Mankind, yet Wisdom claimed a Superiority by Nature over all ; and though the Prince of *Thebet* had been accustomed to command the Great ones of the Earth, it was now his Turn to obey and attend the Will of his Master. As soon as MONOPHAZ received this Message, which breathed a Spirit of Liberty and Philosophy, more than what he had been used to, he was greatly



greatly enraged against the Hermit, and repairing to his Cave with the Servants that attended him, resolved to make the good old Man fall a Victim to his Resentment. AKALLAH, being apprized of the young Prince's Design, waited patiently for his coming, upon whose appearance with a drawn Sword in his Hand, he touched the Talisman, and MONOPHAZ was instantly metamorphosed into an Emmet. The Attendants, upon the sudden Disappearance of their Master, were greatly astonished, which the Hermit perceiving; " Behold ! said he, pointing to the Ground, that Insect which  
" you see crawling on the Earth, was  
" once MONOPHAZ, your Lord, who  
" was to reign uncontrollable over the  
" Lives of Millions, but is now reduced,  
" by the Power of the Almighty, to lie  
" with Reptiles in the Dust ; for before  
" his Presence, who created every Being  
" for universal Good, and not selfish Delight, the greatest Monarch upon the  
" Globe is no more than the smallest  
" Mote fluttering in the Meridian Sun.  
" Learn hence, continued he, young  
" Prince

“ Prince (looking down upon the Em-  
“ met) that those alone are distinguished  
“ by his present and future Favour, who  
“ correspond with his great Design of  
“ promoting the Good of all his Crea-  
“ tures, and guide their Lives by the  
“ unerring Dictates of Reason, and the  
“ tender Suggestions of Humanity. 'Tis  
“ in my Power, whom you lately so  
“ threatened in your Wrath, to make  
“ you continue in this Body, as a Punish-  
“ ment for the rash Attempt; but as I  
“ perceive by my Art, that there will  
“ be a thorough Reformation of your  
“ Mind with the Change of your Shape,  
“ and that your future Conduct will be  
“ both a Blessing to yourself and the  
“ rest of Mankind; you shall imme-  
“ diately be conveyed back again in  
“ your own Form, with your Attend-  
“ ants, to the Court of your Father at  
“ *Thebet*.” Having said this, AKALLAH  
touched the Talisman, by which MONO-  
PHAZ found himself where the Magician  
promised to convey him; and being  
convinced, by this Experiment, of the  
Weakness and Insufficiency of Man in  
Comparison

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Comparison to the Power of Heaven,  
he became afterwards, by his Example,  
a living Precept of Goodness to the rest  
of the World.

## On TRUE and FALSE RELIGION.

*Cum multæ res in Philosophia nequaquam satis adhuc explicatæ sunt, tum perdifficilis, Brute, quod tu minime ignoras, & perobscura quæstio est de Natura Deorum: quæ ad agnitionem animi pulcherrima est, & ad moderandam RELIGIONEM necessaria.*

CIC. de Nat. Deor.

OF all the Comforts which the great Creator has bestowed upon Mankind, the early *Love* and *Admiration* of his Perfections, which he implanted in us, called RELIGION, is the most delightful ; for what can more exhilarate Life, than the constant Exercise of our rational Faculties, in contemplating upon the Attributes of an Almighty Being, whose Power is guided by universal Benevolence ? Nothing upon Earth can be more heavenly than a Worship of this Sort,

Sort, where Gratitude leads us to the Shrine, and the Wings of Hope and Peace protect us. Such a Religion does not consist in external Rites and the holy Trumpery of Ecclesiastical Ceremonies, in the suppliant Fawn of Sacerdotal Grimace, nor the unintelligible Jargon of Hierarchical Riddles, but in the pure Obedience of the Heart to the Will of him, who created every thing to co-operate in the universal Harmony of Nature. These Thoughts form us betimes to the strictest Rules of moral Beauty, they poize the Mind in the Balance of Justice, and open the Heart for the Reception of the cœlestial Family of *Charity*. Here *Contentment* sits on her Throne supported by *Reason* and *Innocence*; and *Happiness*, her Offspring, effuses her divine Influence around the Scene. These are the inseparable Companions of true Religion. But what composes the Train of *Superstition*? A far different Groupe of Figures. *Remorse*, mental *Perturbation*, *Fear*, and *Malice*; and I am inclined to think, if it had not been for the Assistance of this Dæmon, the natural Propensity of Mankind to Good is so great, that a Multitude together, never could have been

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guilty

guilty of those innumerable Cruelties which stain the Annals of all Ages. There is nothing so barbarous, nothing so unnatural but Superstition can convert into Duty. We read in holy Writ, that 'twas a *Religious Ceremony* of the Priests of MOLOCH to sacrifice Children to their Deity; and numberless are the Passages in profane Writers, of the bloody Effects of Pagan Idolatry, besides all the domestick Calamities, Injuries, and Immoralities of private Life; and all these accrued from the false Opinions the Perpetrators entertained of the Deity. For as 'tis natural to imitate the Objects of our Admiration, if HE was painted by their Priests, *a revengeful, lustful, ill-disposed Being*, 'twas no Wonder the Votaries followed the *high Example*, and became at length so *perfect* in all kinds of Wickedness. Of this Stamp was the Heathen JOVE, who, according to the *Holy Legends* of ancient Paganism, began his Reign with dethroning his Father, and made it afterwards one continual Scene of Incest, Adultery, and every Act of the most flagrant Infamy. A very proper Object of Adoration!



thufiasm of ARABIA, whose Votaries made Perfecution the Inftrument of Religion, and fprinkled the holy Way to *Paradife* with the Blood of Millions. Their great Prophet himfelf gave a Sanction to Murder and Robbery ; and taught his Difciples, that the fureft Way to gain the Favour of ALLAH, was to triumph in the Death of Unbelievers. The Dagger of Maffacres he called the Sword of Heaven ; and fo intoxicated the Brain of a pleafurable and libidinous People with the Hopes of a fenfual Futurity, as a Reward for Crimes which otherwife would have fhocked human Nature, that they rufhed forth from their Deferts like a Torrent, and bore down the Kingdoms of the Earth, by the fcarce interrupted Courfe of their barbarous Enthufiafm. I wifh now I could not add, that the pureft Religion the World ever knew, had been made the innocent Caufe of almoft equal Cruelties, and that the Defigns of wicked Men had too much prevailed under the miftaken Notions of its divine Precepts. One would imagine, that fuch were endeavouring to fulfil literally what the  
blessed



blessed Founder prophesied figuratively,  
 “ *Think not that I am come to send Peace  
 on Earth, but a Sword,*” implying, that  
 every new Doctrine would meet with  
 Opposition. But the savage Bigotry of  
 inhuman Believers have, as it were, prac-  
 tically verified this Sentence, and con-  
 verted the Temple of *Peace* into the Den  
 of *Destruction*. How repugnant a Pro-  
 ceeding this to those cœlestial Institutions,  
 which form the finest System of Morality  
 Mankind ever was acquainted with, in-  
 culcating Sobriety, Forbearance, Mercy,  
 and above all, what comprehends every  
 active Virtue, Charity. The Tests there-  
 fore of Religion, are Benevolence and  
 Reason; whatever is productive of the  
 one, and conformable to the other, is  
 certainly true; and whatever is opposite  
 to either, is as surely Imposture. As Rea-  
 son is the great Investigator of Truth,  
 nothing has done more Service to Chri-  
 stianity, than a free Enquiry into its  
 Doctrines; which makes me surpris’d to  
 hear daily so many ignorant Zealots ex-  
 claim against a Proceeding so worthy the  
 Nature of Man, and agreeable to the

Will of the supreme Being. Would they have us totally lay aside, for the Sake of *Faith*, that first great Gift of God, REASON? if so, they place the most pure Religion upon a Footing with the grossest Idolatry; and in that Case, the casual Circumstance of being born and educated among *Indians*, would have subjected us to the Worship of their imaginary Deities. They reply to this, as the *Pythagoreans* did of old, concerning several Tenets they could not defend, *Magister ipse dixit*. This is putting Religion upon a very poor Foundation, to take every thing for granted that is taught them, without any farther Examination. *Tantum opinio præjudicata poterat, ut etiam sine ratione valeret auctoritas*. [CIC. de Nat. Deor.] How many are there of these who employ their acquired Knowledge, not to search after *Truth*, but to defend what they *would believe*! But as Morality, as well as Religion, depends upon the true Knowledge of the Deity (for as the great Father of Wisdom observes, “ *All our Endeavours are to be like him, as far as we are able,*”) the greatest Men of all Ages have made  
it

it the principal End of their Studies to become acquainted with his Will and Attributes. Should any one say, that the holy Scriptures are sufficient to teach us this necessary Truth, I should answer, that I grant they are beyond any Dispute, as they were written by his Inspiration, and were the only Revelation he ever made to Mankind. But before we assent to this, 'tis our previous Duty to examine strictly, whether they are really so or not; and whether such Institutions are agreeable to his all-perfect Attributes; otherwise, right or wrong, we offer the greatest Affront to our Creator, by taking that upon Trust, which ought to be the Subject of our mature Deliberations. That great Philosopher, who among the Moderns defended Christianity with the fairest as well as strongest Arguments, says, [*See LOCKE on the human Understanding*] “ He that believes without  
 “ having any Reason for his believing,  
 “ may be in Love with his own Fancies;  
 “ but neither seeks Truth as he ought,  
 “ nor pays the Obedience due to his  
 “ Maker, who would have him use those

“ discerning Faculties he has given him  
 “ to keep him out of Mistake and Error.  
 “ He that does not this to the best of  
 “ his Power, however he sometimes lights  
 “ on Truth, is in the Right by *Chance* ;  
 “ and I know not whether the Lucki-  
 “ ness of the Accident will excuse the  
 “ Irregularity of the Proceeding. This  
 “ at least is certain, that he is accoun-  
 “ table for whatever Mistakes he runs  
 “ into ; whereas, he that makes use of  
 “ the Light and Faculties God has given  
 “ him, and seeks *sincerely* to discover  
 “ Truth by those Helps and Abilities he  
 “ has, may have this Satisfaction in doing  
 “ his Duty as a Rational Creature ; that  
 “ though he should miss Truth, he will  
 “ not miss the *Reward* of it : For he  
 “ governs his Assent right, and places it  
 “ as he should, who in any Case or  
 “ Matter whatsoever, believes, or mis-  
 “ believes, according as *Reason* directs  
 “ him. He that does otherwise, trans-  
 “ gresses against his own Light, and mis-  
 “ uses those Faculties, which were given  
 “ him to no other End, but to search  
 “ and follow the *clearer* Evidence, and  
 “ *greater*

“ *greater Probability.*” When *Faith* is thus regulated, it becomes an earthly Anticipation of Immortality ; it soothes the Pangs of Misfortunes, and moderates the Pleasures of Prosperity, otherwise oftentimes too powerful for the human Breast. For by encouraging and entertaining us with the Hopes of more refined and permanent Joys than we can comprehend at present, it makes us, as far as our Natures will admit of, indifferent to the casual Lot of our transitory State, and gives us below a Relish for the Pleasures above.

I still continued ruminating on this Subject, and now and then, to alleviate my Mind, cast my Eye on the above-mentioned Philosopher; till I went to Bed ; where in my Sleep, after having been hurried through many romantic Adventures, I had, toward Morning, the following more regular Dream, arising, I suppose, from the contrasted Notions I went to Rest with ; for Dreams, as the *Stagyrite* says, are the faint Resemblances or the Shadows of our waking Thoughts and Actions. I rose, methought, out of a Place of *Darkness visible*, as MILTON calls

calls it, which was only light enough to shew the confused Horror of the Chaos that was around me ; when on a sudden, the War of Elements ceased, and as it were by Magic, each retiring to a proper Place, formed a most beautiful Creation. As I stood admiring with no small Enthusiasm the Power and Goodness of the unseen Efficient of this Paradise, unknowing to what End I was placed there, and how I ought to act in order to contribute, as much as lay in me, to the Harmony of the Whole ; methought a Being, like the Idea we have of an Angel, came and offered to conduct me through the unknown Regions, and to instruct me in the Nature of whatever I saw. Her Robes were like a Winter's Cloud tinged with Darknes, her Aspect was gloomy and pensive, and every Mark of a *false Glory* appeared upon her. By this Time a Number more of the same Species with myself came thronging after her, every one expressing the greatest Ardency to obey her, and believe her Instructions ; yet this pretended Zeal might be perceived to proceed from *Fear*, which seldom, if ever,

ever, is a Companion of *Love*. Upon my making some Hesitation to join the Crowd, she immediately put on such a Frown of Terror, that my Blood ran chill to my Heart; the Slaves of her Retinue too, though secretly averse to her Tyranny, joined the Menaces that were made against me, till the Fear of being left desolate and alone, made me add one more to the unhappy Number. We had not proceeded many Paces, before another Angel appeared to us, whose Aspect was fair and gentle, whose Demeanor was open and delightful, and her Garments were the un sullied Brightness of Heaven. Our Eyes were instantly fixed on this lovely Object, and Joy began to inspire our Hearts. As soon as the Apostate Sister, who enthralled us, saw this Ministress of Happiness, she filled the Air with a Mist that obstructed our Sight, and we could behold our Comfort no more; but as Resolution is a Guide to Truth, I and some few more left this seeming Sorceress, and with a loud Voice implored the Assistance of that other celestial Being. Our Prayers were heard, and the Air to

OUR

our Sight grew serene and clear again ; though the rest of our late Fellow-Sufferers, who durst not relinquish their Errors through *Fear*, still remained under the Enchantment. Our great *Protectress* appeared again to us, and spoke in the following Manner : “ Happy are you, O “ Mortals, to escape from that fell Impostor, who usurps my Likeness and “ Office, to delude the Unwary. I am “ RELIGION, the brightest of *Beings* under the OMNIPOTENT, who conduct “ the Good to the Realms of unperishable “ Joy. SHE is SUPERSTITION, who leads “ them astray into the Path of Error. I “ rule in the *Heart*, She in *Action* ; and “ there is not even one of her Dependants “ so infatuated, but would declare, if “ they durst, against her impious Reign. “ She has been attended long by a Matron “ called CUSTOM, the Fallacy of whose “ venerable Countenance entices Mankind “ into her Mistress’s Train, and then “ OPINION guards the Entrance against “ their Escape. Let her delude those “ mistaken Wretches for a while with “ her antick Shows, whilst I lead you to “ behold



“ behold the Court of unalterable De-  
 “ light.” As soon as she had done speak-  
 ing, there appeared a glorious Light that  
 extended to the uttermost Parts of the  
 Earth, and filled our Bosoms with the  
 most Heavenly Sensation. At a Distance  
 Myriads of cœlestial Inhabitants came  
 flying down, and showered innumerable  
 Blessings upon us, as we stood looking up  
 at them. They seemed continually pass-  
 ing to and from that eternal Source of  
 Light. Whilst we were admiring this  
 stupendous Scene, one of those divine  
 Messengers, who had been to comfort our  
 mistaken Brethren, involved in number-  
 less Calamities by their deceitful Guide,  
 ascended from them up to the Throne of  
 the MOST HIGH; she was called on  
 Earth REPENTANCE, and seemed beau-  
 tiful even in Tears and Mourning. Not  
 long after another descended, cloathed in  
 ætherial Mildness; the Smiles of Grace  
 beamed from her Eyes, as if she seemed  
 delighted with being charged with the  
 first Office of Heaven, *doing Good*; her  
 Name was FORGIVENESS. MERCY went  
 before her Presence, and TRUTH guided

her Flight. She had in her Hands the Balm of *Comfort*, and the more she bestowed, the more her Store encreased. On a sudden the Clouds that had hitherto obscured the rest of our Species, were dispelled, and the Majesty of the SUPREME shone upon them ; at whose Appearance, the *Sorcerefs* that had misled them, retired again to the native Realms of infernal Darkness, and was seen no more. As we were all going to offer up Thanksgivings for our Deliverance, I was awakened by the publick Rejoicings for the News of the Success of our \*Arms. Which Accident, and my preceding Dream, afforded me sufficient Matter for Reflection all the Day after, on the superintending Goodness of Providence, which constantly does the best for Mankind, educing *Good* and *Happiness* even out of *Evil* and *Calamities*.

\* This was written a little after a Victory.

## E S S A Y VI.

## On FRIENDSHIP.

*Dispares mores disparia studia sequuntur,  
quorum dissimilitudo dissociat amicitias.*

TULL. de Amic.

**A**S I am in a great measure an Enthusiast in regard to that sacred Passion Friendship, nothing sooner raises my Indignation than to hear the Name prostituted upon every trifling Occasion, to the meanest and basest Ends; the common Use of which has made it so cheap, that it is at length become a worn-out Note to carry on the Commerce of the World, alike at the *Exchange* or *New-market*, the Court or the Bear-garden. Men of different Ages, Rank, and Inclinations, indiscriminately herd together; and the Acquaintance of Debauchery and Folly usurps the Title of Friendship. But what has given me the most Concern is, to observe, even among the Virtuous, a Want of Judgment in this Point, which  
has

has often proved very fatal. There are Men of the greatest Worth, whose Actions claim our Approbation and Esteem, but whose Friendship, by reason of a Dissimilitude of Sentiments, would be neither desirable nor advantageous. An *Indian* Sage, giving Advice to his Son on this Subject, illustrated his Discourse (according to the *Asiatic* Manner) with the following Story.

Thou hast heard, my Son, says he, of the great Affection Lizards have for Mankind.—ABAIRAN, the Kaliph of *Bagdat*, as he was hunting one Day in a neighbouring Forest, being fatigued with the Toil of the Chace, and separated from his Company, laid himself down to sleep on the green Bank of a Rivulet, which seemed to invite him to Repose with its gentle Murmurs. He had scarce closed his Eyes before one of these friendly Animals awakened him by softly touching him with his Tail; but how great was his Surprize, when he beheld, not many Yards off, a large Serpent rolling toward him? He immediately rose, took up his little Deliverer, and fled. This Accident  
filled

filled his Mind with so much Gratitude, that he daily fed the Lizard with his own Hand, and cherished it in his Bosom. He had not done so long before his Complexion, which was naturally healthy and florid, became pale and sickly; his Eyes grew dim, his Appetite was lost, and all the Symptoms of an obstinate Disorder appeared upon him. The Physicians, who were immediately called in to his Assistance, employed all their Art in vain, the Distemper increased, and the Angel of Death seemed at hand to summon him. Whilst he was in this Agony, a Stranger, at that time in *Bagdat*, hearing of the Kaliph's Illness, desired to be permitted to make an Experiment. The Proposal was at first rejected, and the Author looked upon as one of those travelling Empiricks that infest all great Cities. But the Stranger nevertheless persisting strongly in his Request, and offering to answer, with his Life, for the Success of his Attempt, the Kindred of *Abairan* suffered him to undertake it. ALCHAMAN (for that was his Name) no sooner had looked upon the Eyes of the Kaliph, than he declared

clared that the Cause of the Malady was a Lizard, whose venomous Breath had infected the whole Mass of his Blood ; and taking a small Phial from his Pocket, gave the Patient a few Drops mixed with Water to drink. ABAIRAN, as soon as he had taken this admirable Medicine, found himself much easier, the Delirium left him, his Colour returned, and the Heat of Youth glowed again in his Veins. Let it suffice that the Kaliph, having told the Stranger how he came by the Lizard, and the Reason of his keeping it, intreated him to make the Palace of *Bagdat* his Home ; adding, that since he had restored him to Life, he hoped to receive from him the Power of enjoying it too, by having that Opportunity to shew his Gratitude, the greatest Pleasure of which human Breasts are susceptible." To which ALCHAMAN modestly replied. " My Lord, the Pleasure of doing good is in itself a sufficient Reward ; for the Benevolent have as much Satisfaction in bestowing, as the Indigent in receiving. If thou hast found any Benefit from my Endeavours, all I ask as a Reward is to be

be permitted quietly to leave thy City, and return to that Solitude where I conversed with Wisdom and with Truth. Thou art a Prince, it is true, indued with all social Virtues ; thy Reign is a Blessing to thy Servants, and the Admiration of thy Neighbours ; but thy Friendship is as much to be avoided by me, as courted by the rest of Mankind. Pardon, my Lord, the Freedom of thy Servant's Mind, the only Empire a Philosopher should covet. Friendship is founded upon an Equality of Conditions, and a Similitude of Desires ; and even Virtue, tho' always necessary to cement it, is ineffectual, if this Basis be wanting. Consider then what a vast Distance there is between thee and me ; consider the Inconveniencies that must accrue to both from such a Conjunction. Thou hast been educated in a Palace, I in a Cell ; the Welfare of Thousands depends upon thy Care and Vigilance as a Governor ; my Satisfaction consists alone in Retirement and Contemplation. Should we live together, thou wouldst on one hand grow remiss by attending to my Specu-

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tions,

tions, and I on the other should be diverted from my Meditations by the Business which would intrude upon thee. Let us therefore be asunder, that each may perform, as he ought, the Part which Providence has assigned him to act, and not prove a reciprocal Poison to each other's Mind, as thou and the Lizard have been to each other's Body.



## E S S A Y VII.

## On CONJUGAL LOVE.

Σώματα μὲν δύο, Ψυχὴ δὲ μία.

P Y T H.

OF all the Pleasures that endear Human Life, there are none more worthy the Attention of a rational Creature, than those which flow from the mutual Return of *Conjugal Love* ; our great Poet MILTON, after he has described the nuptial Bower of ADAM and EVE in *Paradise*, thus calls upon that blissful State :

“ Hail wedded Love ! mysterious Law, true Source  
 “ Of Human Offspring, sole Propriety  
 “ In *Paradise*, of all Things common else.  
 “ By thee Adult’rous Lust was driven from Men,  
 “ Among the bestial Herds to range ; by thee  
 “ (Founded in Reason, loyal, just, and pure,)  
 “ Relations dear, and all the Charities  
 “ Of Father, Son, and Brother first were known.—  
 “ —Perpetual Fountain of domestic Bliss !—  
 “ Here Love his *Golden* Shafts employs ; here lights  
 “ His *constant* Lamp, and waves his purple Wings.

In this Scene the looser Passions of Youth are consolidated into a settled Affection ; for the lawful Object of Love unites every Care in itself ; and makes even those Thoughts that were painful before, become delightful. When two Minds are thus engaged by the Ties of reciprocal Sincerity, each alternately receives and communicates a Transport that is inconceivable to all but those that are in this Situation ; from hence arises that heart-ennobling Solicitude for one another's Welfare, that tender Sympathy that alleviates Affliction, and that participated Pleasure that heightens Prosperity and Joy itself. This is a full Completion of the Blessings of Humanity ! for if Reason and Society are the Characteristicks which distinguish us from other Animals, an Excellence in these two great Privileges of Man, which centers in Wedlock, must raise in us Happiness above the Rest of our Species. It is here that the noblest Passions of which the Human Soul is susceptible join together, virtuous Love and Friendship ; the one supplying it with a constant Rapture, and the other regulating

it by the Rules of Reason. I would not be understood to be speaking here of those unnatural and disproportionable Matches that are daily made upon worldly Views, where Interest, or Lust are the only Motives ; I mean that such only enjoy the Blessing, who are conducted by *Hymen* thro' his own Realms of Innocence and Sincerity. A Gentleman who is very happy in a *beautiful Friend*, as a certain *English* Poet calls a Wife, and is a Kind of an Enthusiast for the Married State, told me the following Story of an *Italian* Pair, who were famous for their unalterable Constancy and Affection. There lived at *Genoa* a young Nobleman named MARINI, who had a large Estate in the Island of *Corfica*, whither he went every five or six Years to regulate his Affairs. At the Age of five and twenty he was married to a beautiful Lady, the Daughter of a *Venetian* Senator, called MONIMIA, who had refused the greatest Matches in *Italy*, to prefer the fortunate MARINI. As their Marriage was founded upon a mutual Esteem, their Passion encreased instead of diminishing by En-

O 4                      joyment,

joyment, till they became an Example of Conjugal Duty to all that knew them. They had lived many Years in this uninterrupted State of Felicity; when MARINI was obliged to make a Voyage into *Corfica*, which was then disturbed by a rebellious Insurrection, in order to secure his Patrimony, by encouraging his Dependents to stand firm in Defence of their Country. But the greatest Affliction, and which absorbed all the rest, was his being necessitated to part for awhile from MONIMIA, who being then very big with Child was incapacitated to go with him as usual. When the fatal Time of parting was come, they embraced with the utmost Grief, and the warmest Prayers to Heaven for one anothers Safety. As soon as this afflicting Scene was over, MARINI embarked, and having a fair Wind, arrived safe at *Bastia* in a few Hours. The Success of the Rebels being stopped, and the Affairs of the Island a little settled again, our Lover began to prepare for his Return to *Genoa*; but as he was walking one Day by the Harbour where the Ships of Burthen lay, he heard two Sailors who were  
just

just arrived, talking of the Death of a *Genoese* Nobleman's Wife then absent from the Republic. This casual Circumstance greatly alarmed him, and excited his Curiosity to listen farther to their Conversation, when after a little Pause, he heard one of them mention the Name of his dear MONIMIA; at these Words his Surprise and Affliction was so great that he had not Power to follow the Mariners to satisfy his Doubt, but instantly swooned away, and when he recovered, found himself surrounded by his own Servants lamenting over him. At the same Time that this happened to MARINI, something of the same Nature equally distressed MONIMIA; for an imperfect Account came to *Genoa*, by the Captain of a *Venetian* Vessel, that a Gentleman named MARINI had been surprized near *Bastia* by a remaining Party of Rebels, and that he and all his Attendants were killed by them. These two Accounts involved our unfortunate Pair in the greatest Distress: they immediately took Shipping in order to be convinced of what they so much dreaded to know; the one for *Corfica*,  
the

the other for *Genoa*. They were both failed, when a violent Storm arose which drove their Vessels upon a little Island in the *Mediterranean*. MARINI's Ship landed first, where, whilst the rest of the Crew were refreshing themselves, the inconsolable Widower, as he thought himself, wandered with one Servant only into a little Wood that was near the Sea-shore to give a Loose to his immoderate Grief. Soon after the *Genoese* Ship landed too, and the same Motive led MONIMIA with one of her Maids to the Wood where her Husband was, lamenting his unfortunate Condition. They had not been there long before they heard each other's Complaint, and drew nearer mutually to see if there was any Wretch living equally miserable with themselves. But how great was the Astonishment of both, when they met in a little Path and saw each other! the immoderate Joy was such, and the Transition from one Extreme to the other so instantaneous, that all the Power they had was to fall into each other's Arms, where they expired in a few Minutes after.

after. Their Bodies were conveyed to *Italy*, and were interred with all the Solemnity and Magnificence due to their Quality and eminent Virtues.

## E S S A Y VIII.

*On SOLITUDE and SOCIETY.*

Αναχωρησεις αυτοις ζητουν, αγροικιας και αιγιαλς,  
και ορη. — εδωκε ησυχιωτερον, ετε απραγμο-  
νεστερον ανθρωπος αναχωρει, η εις την εαυτη ψυχην.

M. ANT. lib. iv. cap. 3.

**B**OTH Sages and Fools are unanimous in their Admiration of Solitude, but each from different Motives. To the one it affords Scope to Contemplation, to the other Shelter from Contempt. The Contented enjoy it, the Discontented seek it. The Guilty need it, the Innocent love it. To seek the Shades of Retirement in order to admire more at leisure the Works of the Creation, to grow thereby as it were familiar with the Conceptions of God, to harmonize the Mind to Moral Beauty, by frequently contemplating upon Natural, and to anticipate in some measure the Bliss of Heaven, upon Earth ; is a Resolution worthy a Being, whose Soul is an Emanation of that eternal Source of  
Life



Life and Light that created all Things. But I'm afraid the general Affection for the Love of Solitude proceeds from different Causes; and that the Abode of the truly Good and Great, is too often made an Asylum for Pusillanimity, Avarice, and Ill-nature. Are there any disappointed in their worldly Views? they immediately fly hither, as the properest Place to conceal the Poorness of Mind, too little and base to bear up against Misfortunes. Is the Thirst of Gold the predominant Passion? Where can the Wretch find a more advantageous Situation, in which he could work his Mole-hills? Is the Mind distempered and dissonant to Society? 'Tis here the Rebel to his Maker chooses to growl at Heaven, and gratify the repining Anguish of his envious Soul, to behold it's benignant Dew cherishing the Earth. I can't say, whether I read the little Modern Essay-Writers upon this Subject, with more Anger or Contempt; one would imagine, from the Swarm of Political Scriblers, who blunder about what they have no Conception of, that the only Defence of Liberty and Happiness

ness of Life, consisted in that unnatural Separation from the rest of our Species. Is any thing more plain, than that God designed Men should live together? For what Inconveniencies attend the solitary State of uncivilized Nature? What numberless Advantages accrue alone from Society? *In statu naturali* (says PUFFENDORF) *quisque propriis tantum viribus protegitur; in civitate omnium: ibi fructus ab industria sua nemini certus; hic omnibus: ibi imperium affectuum, bellum, metus, paupertas, fœditas, solitudo, barbaries, ignorantia, feritas; heic imperium rationis, pax, securitas, divitiæ, ornatus, societas, elegantia, scientia, benevolentia.* To the former Condition every Man, whose Moroseness, or want of social Virtues secludes him from Society, is in a manner reduced: to the latter Emoluments the Good are admitted by Nature. The great Honours that were paid to the first Legislators, even sometimes Deification itself, evince how After-ages were sensible of the Utility of Civil Compacts; nay even now, divested of the fabulous Accounts of Antiquity, we pay a just Veneration to the  
Memories

Memories of AMPHION, ORPHEUS, and the rest, who brought Mortals from the Caves and Dens of Wilderneſſes, to cohabit in Cities, and enjoy the Bleſſings of mutual Aid and reciprocal Obligations. And yet with what fooliſh Enthuſiaſm do ſome Retrogrades in Perfection call out upon Solitude ! What Encomiums don't they beſtow upon original Brutality ; and what Invectives don't they caſt indirectly againſt the polite Arts of Life ! How often do they cry out, in a rapturous Admiration of Ignorance, and extol thoſe golden Times, when as yet

*Nulla — mortales præter ſua littora, norant !*

Should we come to examine more nearly into the true Sentiments of theſe Monkiſh Preceptors, we ſhould find, that their Benevolence and Knowledge is much leſs than even the narrow and ſordid Terms of their Doctrines will expreſs ; for Men who deteſt the World, are generally thoſe that are juſtly deteſted by it, and can find no Satisfaction after their Diſappointment, but from that Pelican-bred Pleaſure

sure in a forced Retaliation of Contempt. 'Tis from hence we hear so many Murmurs against present Times; 'tis from hence Retirement becomes the Den of Misery, which ought to be the Temple of Repose. Thus much has been said of the Abuse of Solitude, and from what Motives the unnatural Affection for an ill-placed Love of it proceeds. Let us now examine the other side of the Question, and consider wherein its Utility may truly consist, and who are the properest to enjoy it. That Solitude intrinsically in itself is neither good nor evil, but takes its Quality from the Disposition of it's Votaries, would be needless to prove. The Sage, who retires, not in a capricious Humour to detach himself from the World, but to contemplate for the Use of his Fellow-creatures; and the Moralist, who divests himself a-while of the common Cares of Life, to view his own Heart abstractedly, that he may be better qualified to act relatively afterwards, are the only Persons to whom the Shades of Retirement afford Pleasure or Instruction; to these

these they appear like the *Mubometan* Paradise, whose Groves are said to yield the Fruit of Knowledge and Peace; to others they become a *Pandæmonium*, and ten thousand ugly Shapes are continually haunting them. When the Philosopher enters this divine Region, his Soul, as if it had passed a Transmigration, glows with a new-born Vigour, or rather assumes the State described by PLATO in the *Phædon* when it leaves the Body. The Silence of a rural Scene, the not unpleasing Horror of the varied Light and Shade in the Woods, the Whispering of the Trees, and the unbounded Prospect of Heaven above, call up MEDITATION, as by a Charm, and all her Train of Intellectual Attendants. Behold SHE comes, awfully moving to his pausing Eye! See! INDOLENCE and all her Court of selfish VICES recede from her Presence! VIRTUE precedes her, BEAUTY and TRUTH attend on each Side, and the laurelled Sisterhood of ART and SCIENCE immediately follow. In her Hand she bears the faithful Record of all Ages, and pre-

sents to her View Examples of whatever Wisdom, Valour, and Benevolence inspired. Here he reads the Institutions of SOLON, there the Patriotism of CURTIUS, and there the glorious Death of SOCRA-  
TES; whilst Honour excites a Divine Emulation to imitate such Godlike Examples. These are the Comforts that Retirement affords the Good, and the Good alone! For Despair and Horror whisper in every Breeze to the Wicked, and even Silence itself becomes an ever-tormenting Companion. I shall conclude this Essay with a small Description of an ancient *Egyptian* Hieroglyphic on this Subject. There was the Picture of a Mirror upon the Walls of a Temple at MEMPHIS, in which several beautiful, and several deformed Figures were viewing themselves, which was called the Mirror of Solitude. The former seemed justly contented with their Appearances, but the latter had no sooner beheld their own Resemblance, than their Curiosity was instantly changed into the most violent Disgust to the faithful

ful Instrument, that had given them, what they never would have received otherwise, a true Knowledge of themselves.

## E S S A Y IX.

## On CONTENTMENT. A FABLE.

I Am inclined to think that the Misfortunes, as they are termed, of Life, are not so often owing to the Want of Care, as the having too much, and being over-sollicitous to acquire, what Nature the great Substitute of Heaven would effect for us, if we would be contented to follow her Dictates. The Brutes, led on by that inward Impulse we call *Instinct*, never err in their Pursuit after what is good for them; but Man, enlightened by Reason, that particular Mark of Providence which distinguishes him from the rest of Beings, obstinately refuses to be conducted to Happiness, and travels towards Misery with Labour and Fatigue. It would be absurd to say a rational Creature would *voluntarily* chuse Misery, but we too frequently do it *blindly*. Every thing, as the Philosophical

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cal Emperor observes, is Fancy ; but as that Fancy is in our own Power to govern, we are justly punished if we suffer it to wander at will ; or industriously set it to work to deceive us into Uneasiness. The most sure and speedy Way to detect any mental Imposture is by Soliloquy or Self-examination, in the Way laid down by our great Restorer of ancient Learning. If our Fancy stands the Test of this Mirror, which represents all Objects in their true Colours, 'tis genuine, and may be accepted by the Mind with Safety ; but if it recedes from the Trial, or changes in the Attempt, 'tis spurious, and ought to be rejected. This will inform us that the great Mistake of Mankind in the Pursuit after Happiness, is casting their Looks at a Distance for Lands of Paradise, whilst the Prospect, so much sought after, blooms unbeheld around them.

At *Isfahan* in *Persia*, there lived a young Man of a noble Family and great Fortune named ACHMET, who from his Infancy shewed the earliest Signs of a restless and turbulent Spirit ; and tho' by Nature endowed with an Understanding superior

superior to any of his Age, was led away with every Gust of Passion to precipitate himself into the greatest Dangers. After having a little experienced the Misfortunes that accrue from such a Disposition, he became somewhat more diffident of his own Abilities, and determined to take the Advice of those who had been most conversant with Human Nature, how to proceed for the Future. There dwelt not far from the City, in a little Cell among a Ridge of Mountains, an old Hermit, who many Years before had retired from the World to that Place to spend the rest of his Days in Prayer and Contemplation. This good Man became so famous thro' the Country for his Wisdom and exemplary Life, that if any one had any Uneasiness of Mind, he immediately went to ABUDAH (for so he was called) and never failed of receiving Consolation, in the deepest Affliction, from his prudent Counsel; which made the Superstitious imagine, that there was a Charm in the Sound of his Words to drive away Despair and all her gloomy Attendants. Hither *Achmet* repaired, and as he was entering

entering a Grove, near the Sage's Habitation, met according to his Wishes the venerable Recluse; he prostrated himself before him, and with Signs of the utmost Anguish, " Behold, said he, O divine  
 " ABUDAH, Favourite of our mighty  
 " Prophet, who resemblest ALLHA by  
 " distributing the Balm of Comfort to  
 " the Distressed, behold the most miserable of Mortals"——He was going on, when the old Man, deeply affected with his Lamentations, interrupted him, and taking him by the Hand, " Rise, my  
 " Son, said he, let me know the Cause  
 " of thy Misfortunes; and whatever is in  
 " my Power shall be done to restore thee  
 " to Tranquillity." Alas! replied ACHMET, how can I be restored to that  
 " which I never yet possessed! for know,  
 " thou enlightened Guide of the Faithful, I never have spent an easy Moment that I can remember, since Reason first dawned upon my Mind. Hitherto, even from my Cradle, a thousand Fancies have attended me through  
 " Life, and are continually, under the false  
 " Appearances of Happiness, deceiving me  
 " into

“ into Anxiety, whilst others are enjoy-  
“ ing the most undisturbed Repose. Tell  
“ me then, I conjure thee by the holy  
“ Temple of MECCA, from whence thy  
“ Prayers have been so often carried to  
“ *Mahomet* by the Ministers of *Paradise*,  
“ by what Method I may arrive, if not  
“ at the Sacred Tranquillity thou en-  
“ joyest, yet at the Harbour of such  
“ earthly Peace as the holy *Koran* has  
“ promised to all those that obey it's ce-  
“ lestial Precepts; for sure the Damned,  
“ who remove alternately from the dif-  
“ ferent Extremes of chilling Frosts and  
“ and scorching Flames, cannot suffer  
“ greater Torments than I undergo at  
“ present.” ABUDA perceiving that a  
discontented Mind was the Source alone  
of the young Man's Troubles, “ Be  
“ comforted, my Son, *said he*, for a  
“ Time shall come, by the Will of  
“ Heaven, when thou shalt receive the  
“ Reward of a true Believer, and be  
“ freed from all thy Misfortunes; but  
“ thou must still undergo many more,  
“ before thou can'st be numbered with  
“ the truly Happy. Thou enquirest of  
“ me

“ me where Happiness dwells. Look  
 “ round the World, and see in how  
 “ many different Scenes she has taken up  
 “ her Residence ; sometimes, though very  
 “ rarely, in a Palace, often in a Cottage ;  
 “ the Philosopher’s Cave of Retirement,  
 “ and the Soldier’s Tent amid the Noise  
 “ and Dangers of War, are by Turns  
 “ her Habitation ; the rich Man may  
 “ see her in his Treasure, or the Beggar  
 “ in his Wallet. In all these Stations she  
 “ is to be found, but in none altogether.  
 “ Go then and seek thy Fortune among  
 “ the various Scenes of the World, and  
 “ if thou should’st prove unsuccessful in  
 “ this probationary Expedition, return  
 “ to me when seven Years are expired,  
 “ when the Passions of Youth begin to  
 “ subside, and I will instruct thee by a  
 “ religious Emblem, which our great  
 “ Prophet shewed me in a Dream, how  
 “ to obtain the End of all thy Wishes.”

ACHMET, not understanding ABUDAH’s  
 Meaning, left him as discontented as he  
 came, and returned to *Ispahan* with a full  
 Resolution of gratifying every Inclination

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of

of Pleasure or Ambition, imagining one of these must be the Road to Felicity. Accordingly he gave up his first Years entirely to those Enjoyments which enervate both Mind and Body; but finding at length no real Satisfaction in the Possession of these, but rather Diseases and Disappointments; he changed his Course of Life, and followed the Dictates of Avarice, that was continually offering to his Eyes external Happiness seated on a Throne of Gold. His Endeavours succeeded, and by the Assistance of Fortune he became the richest Subject of the East. Still something was wanting. Power and Honour presented themselves to his View, and wholly engaged his Attention. These Desires did not remain long unsatisfied, for by the favour of the *Sophy* he was advanced to the highest Dignities of the *Persian* Empire. But alas! he was still never the nearer to the primary Object of his most ardent Wishes! Fears, Doubts, and a Thousand different Anxieties that attend the Great, perpetually haunted him, and made him seek again the

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the calm Retirement of a rural Life. Nor was the latter productive of any more Comfort than the former Stations. In short, being disappointed, and finding Happiness in no one Condition, he sought the Hermit a second Time, to complain of his Fate, and claim the Promise he had received before the Beginning of his Adventures. ABUDAH seeing his Disciple return again after the stated Time, still discontented, took him by the Hand, and smiling upon him with an Air of gentle Reproof, "ACHMET, said he, " cease to blame the Fates for the Un- " easiness which arises alone from thy " own Breast ; behold, since thou hast " performed the Task I enjoined in order " to make thee more capable of follow- " ing my future Instructions, I will un- " fold to thee the grand Mystery of Wis- " dom, by which she leads her Votaries " to Happiness. See (said he, pointing " to a River in which several young " Swans were eagerly swimming after " their own Shadows in the Stream) " those silly Birds imitate Mankind; they  
" are

“ are in Pursuit of that which their  
“ own Motion puts to flight; behold  
“ others that have tired themselves with  
“ their unnecessary Labour, and sitting  
“ still, are in Possession of what their utmost  
“ Endeavours could never have accom-  
“ plished. Thus, my Son, Happiness is  
“ the Shadow of Contentment, and rests,  
“ or moves for ever with it's Original.

F I N I S.





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